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FRONTISPIECE.

THE

TWO SISTERS' POEMS

AND

MEMOIRS.

COMPOSED BY

ELIZA AND SARAH G. WOLCOTT,

OF CONNECTICUT.

NEW-HAVEN:

BALDWIN AND TREADWAY, PRINTERS.

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"The two sisters' Poems and Memoirs. Composed by Eliza and Sarah G. Wolcott, of Connecticut."

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CHA'S A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,
CHA'S A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

PREFACE.

It is generally expected when one presents a work to the public, that he is prepared to meet the events of it without a blush. But my work has not been so ordered—for many of my poems were only the effusions of a melancholy hour, and never designed for public perusal—and would never have been arranged into a book, had it not been for the unremitting persuasions of an esteemed friend, who collected my poems with sister Sarah's from their silent repository, for publication. I then consented to write some memoirs, which I have introduced at the close of my poems, and previous to the introduction of my dear deceased sister Sarah's poems. E. W.

POEMS.

CLOCK AND FRIENDLY CIRCLE.

When social friends unite
  To spend an hour,
The clock strikes out of sight,
  One, two, three, four.

How short the time appears,
  Sweet interview;
When no one thinks or hears,
  To count one, two.

Swiftly the minutes slide,
  Careless and free;
Unseen the pointers glide
  To one, two, three.

True friendship calms the mind,
  Confidence more;
And feels still less inclined
  To hear three, four.

DEATH OF SISTERS.

Death's empire's strong—oh cruel foe,
  Thou hast torn my loves away;
And leavest me opprest with woe,
  With thy tyrannic sway.

One could not satisfy thy rage,
  Though dear to me as light;
Two sisters in an early age,
  Thou stealest from my sight.

Those lovely ones, whom early days
  Had taught our hearts to love;
My grief a sister homage pays;
  Then follow them above.

O death! what hast thou done to me,
  Thou tyrant every where,
Thou wilt not set thy captive free,
  Till I their fate shall share.

Then farewell, death! no more I'll sigh,
  Or feel thy dread alarm;
Then my full soul shall sing on high,
  Where thou no more canst harm.

My God shall soon the spirit waft,
My sisters bind the wreath.

HOPE.

Hope is like a mountain strong,
That rises fair and even ;
With pearls and diamonds strewed along,
That mark the way to heaven.

DESERTED MANSION.

They're fled forever, who were wont to tread
These rooms, these walks: and this low humble shed
Resounds now with a pensive, hollow moan,
As I approach and find it all alone.

Here silence sits: and melancholy wears
Her sable garb—can I refrain from tears ?
As I advance, the lonely echoes sound,
And hollow murmurs seem to sigh around.

Here I shall meet no more the friends I love,
To make me welcome—my return approve—

nusic charms my pensive soul,
s to serve and please the whole.

e garden aisle, I bend my way—
ne arbor, where the moonbeam's ray
e influence mildly o'er the shade,
umental music oft was play'd.

s mingled to the tuneful lyre,
ing strangers listened to admire;
n the moon shone bright o'er yonder hill,
to the lovely whippoorwill.

e dwells most about her long lost home,
s to stray round this forsaken dome:
t its charms when Sarah was laid low;
's death filled up my cup of woe.

religion fortify the soul
life's changes, may my God control—
ry murmuring tho't and wish shall cease
et composure kindly whisper, peace.

MY FIRST MUSE.

et peace and quiet rest,

Free me from past affliction's sigh,
And be thou, sweet peaee, ever nigh.

When I'm restor'd to peace within,
Lord, from my heart expel all sin;
Sure then I shall devoted be,
To live and die alone for thee.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

When darkness throws her mantle o'er the heath,
And the pale moon with sombre face appears,
When scarce the whisp'ring winds were heard to breathe,
Cleora visits Oscar's tomb with tears.

Unseen by mortal eye, the maiden weeps,
O'er the cold turf of Oscar's dear remains;
And begs the soul of him who calmly sleeps,
To hear the moans of her who thus complains.

Thus, while the lingering maid, with poignant sighs
Calls the dear name of her loved Oscar loud;
A voice is heard,—'Is it Cleora's cries,
That call down Oscar's soul from yonder cloud?'

The astonish'd maid beholds her love descend,
Careless and free in vapors pure and white;
And while his spirit hovers round his friend,
Her spirit faints to view his robe so bright.

"Don't speak, kind spirit," thus the maid exclaims,
"If thou art Oscar, sure I'll no more fear,
For long I've sought thee near death's dark domains,
Fearing Cleora's voice thou could'st not hear."

Thus Oscar speaks, "O why, Cleora dear,
Do you complain where none can calm your grief;
Peace, dearest maid—my soul is resting near
The Lamb, where trouble finds a calm relief;

Where disappointment never finds a place,
Nor friends who loved like us shall ever change:
O then Cleora, seek each christian grace;
Then mount with me the etherial fields to range."

LIFE'S VICISSITUDE.

In youth, how beauteous is the rose,
Just opening to the day;
And sweet the brook, that gently flows

The landscape, charming to the eye,
  Shines in the nightly dream ;
While zephyrs fan the azure sky,
  And tremble o'er the stream.

Till from the north a hazy mist
  Hangs o'er with sable shade,
Old echo murmurs as I list,
  And rains come o'er the glade.

So disappointments o'er us roll,
  And shade our fondest thought,
And mingle sadness in the soul
  For all we fondly sought.

As age comes on, he whispers, halt,
  From searching here below ;
Believe earth's flatteries the fault,
  From which my wrinkles grow.

Once were my feet in vigor light,
  Employ'd in pleasure's road,
But ah ! as age advanc'd, my sight
  Scarce told me my abode.

Once was my voice skilled for the pipe,
  And warbling notes I sung ;
Till palsied fingers lost their gripe,
  And then those notes were done.

Yet hope, behind yon curtain, tells
Of joy beyond the tomb;
For there eternal comfort dwells,
And bids the traveller come.

SISTER'S GRAVE.

They are gone, and have left me to weep,
And I sigh as I wander the plain,
To view the green turf where my two sisters sleep,
And say,—when shall I meet them again?

The rose bushes flourish to deck each dear grave,
Commingling their dew drops with tears I sustain,
I sigh when I think there was nothing to save,
And say, O my loves,—when shall we meet again?

The balsam, the bower, still are blooming & green,
Where at twilight I wander, some friend oft exclaims
"Here cheerful Lucretia and Sarah were seen,
But here never more shall we meet them again."

The nightingale sings; but ah, knows not she wounds
This heart so bereft of all joy but a name;
Just to live, and to hope when the last trumpet sounds

MY NAME-SAKE.

The rose and lily both combine,
  To make thy beauty fair;
But not the rose or eglantine
  Can with true grace compare.

Sweet little girl—thy prattling voice
  Still vibrates on mine ear;
Soft innocence is all thy choice,
  While playful smiles appear.

May virtue fair enhance your worth,
  As rising years advance;
And all the graces lead you forth
  From earth's alluring glance.

May no rude storm e'er check thy bloom,
  Or cloud thy smiling day;
Nor sudden death point to the tomb,
  And snatch my love away.

SOLILOQUY.

They sleep, who once were near my side,
  And laugh'd the hours away;
They sleep beyond the swelling tide,
  Who fill'd my joyous day.

Soft sighs the breeze in mournful strain,
  O'er either hallowed Urn,
While my sad muse recalls again
  That I am left to mourn.

Ah! yes, dear ones, around your tomb
  My muse holds dear the mound,
Where turf'd beneath the solid gloom,
  In slumber ye are bound.

Rest—resting loves, earth no more charms,
  Or damps your rising hope;
And earth-born care no more alarms,
  For Death that power has broke.

Dear, dear in life were you to me,
  In memory still the same;
Time swiftly flies—Eternity—
  And we may meet again!

LINES WRITTEN AFTER CHARLES NORTON WAS LAID IN THE GRAVE.

Little pilgrim, thou hast fled
  From a world that's full of sorrow;

Here full many a tear was thine,
  Now those tears are wip'd away,
Now we trust thy soul doth shine
  Where true joy knows no decay.

Though thy father's lonely tomb
  Now a distant church yard claims ;
Yet the voice that bids thee come,
  Shall awake his cold remains.

Little sleeper, rest a while,
  Close beside thy mother dear ;
Guardian angels o'er thee smile ;
  Jesus is forever near.

WRITTEN WHEN A CHILD.

How do you do my friend ?
  The answer soon is, "well."
Then we'll together spend
  An hour, our woes to tell.

What most perplexes you ?
  With accents soft and mild ;
The answer, "since I view
  My friend, joy fills my mind."

For now my mind is free
  From troubles that oppress,
Joy comes along with thee,
  And chases my distress.

Long, long I've sought a friend,
  To whom I could impart
The trials that attend
  This life, and cheer my heart.

But since your friendly mind
  Appears to share my wo,
With gratitude I find
  My tears no longer flow.

Now resignation warms,
  By sympathetic love;
It frees from all alarm,
  And bids us look above.

THE CLOCK STRIKES, ONE!

Tick on, while I the moments tell,
  And hear how fast the time

Like bubbles thick upon the tide,
  Which rise and sink apace;
So are the hours of youthful pride,
  Which break upon the chase.

Soon our tide of life is done,
  Our pilgrimage is o'er;
And then eternity comes on,
  Not measured as before.

Tick on, I hear my time is short,
  I mark the little space,
That now divides me from that port,
  Where shines my Savior's face.

Reflect upon the parting sound,
  And then review the same;
And watch each footstep in each round,
  And every folly blame.

Next moment I may launch beyond
  The measured hour of time;
Where earthly expectations fond,
  May change for those sublime.

Time well improv'd, hath great reward
  Beyond this earthly sphere;
Tick on, thy pointers I regard,
  Thy parting sound I hear.

Then my monitor, I prize
  Thy ticking moments more;
Tick on, and teach me to be wise,
  Before the time is o'er.

THE CHANGE.

The year is past, the scene of action's o'er,
'Twas then she bloom'd, who here shall bloom no
  more;
And hush'd in death, that voice that lov'd the name
Of husband, parents, kindred, all the same.

Thy course was short, sweet sister, mother, friend,
And few the years that did thy steps attend;—
But seventeen,—and thou hast own'd the name
Of wife, of mother, death!—another claim.

While hope just crown'd thee with a mother's love,
Death stole thy infant and entomb'd the dove;
Scarce two days old, and she must bid adieu
To earth, to life, to beauty, and to you.

"But cease to murmur," some kind seraph cries,
"*Her soul 's at rest*,"—another angel flies

But just before her last departing hour,
She sang, "So fades the lovely blooming flower;"
While all in silence wept, the moral true,
For soon Lucretia bid us all adieu.

Sweet sister, youngest of our name and line,
How oft thy footsteps have attended mine,
To gather flowers when spring exhal'd their bloom,
Nor little thought that we should part so soon.

But since our God 's our Savior and our king,
He can assuage my grief, whose praise you sing,
And grant me faith, and resignation too,
And fit my soul to join in praise with you.

THE LARK.

Whence those warbling notes so early,
Floating soft in some lone spray,
Ah, 'tis the lark that sings so cheerly,
In the merry month of May.

Soft, beauteous bird, why rise so soon,
Lest other songsters chide thee?
"*Hark* ye, dear maid, to sleep till noon,
The songsters would deride me.

"But I with joy hail every morning,
Rousing all my little choir,
While the splendid sun's adorning,
Every grove that we admire.

"Believe me, gentle maid, sincerely,
When the sun shines smiling round,
I must hasten, or quite fairly,
Soon the dew is off the ground."

THE CHEROKEES.

The vision told of soldier's arms,
Of beating drums and war's alarms,
But of no cannon's rattle.

The marching band in grand parade,
Mov'd on in grandeur, undismay'd,
As if 'twere form'd for battle.

The music fill'd the air around,
In midnight slumbers most profund,
'Twas there the armor glistened.

Still as I look'd, and mus'd, and wonder'd,

The sign was mark'd—"The Cherokee,
We come to join the Christians, free!"
I wondered as I listened!

While horns were blowing, music flowing,
Hail the Jubilee;
Morning dawn'd, the cocks were crowing—
Set the captives free.

THE STRANGERS.

Let those who strike the muse's lyre,
And chant harmonious numbers,
When solemn sounds their souls inspire,
Arise from their dull slumbers.

Let those who sing redeeming love,
And chord in her bless'd wonders,
Speak often of those joys above,
Where friendship never sunders.

The name of stranger, soon is o'er,
For life 's of short duration;
Then strangers meet to part no more,
In sweet association.

O happy hour—when trials end
And hush'd is all our sorrow,

When faith and hope in Christ our friend,
Shall greet us on the morrow.

Then may we, strangers here to-day,
Improve our moments fleeting;
Let's tune our harps in wisdom's way,
And fit them for that meeting.

NO LASTING JOY BELOW.

Bright fancy leads the youthful mind
To seek some joy below;
But 'ere old age creeps on, we find
The scene is chang'd for wo.

How brilliant are the various scenes,
That prompt the youth to sow
His seed to fancy's airy dreams,
Which disappoint below.

But there's a bark, whose gilded oars
Invite the youth to row;
Thus he ascends, then upward soars,
And leaves all grief below.

His part is heaven, and God 's his friend,

A crown of love, which will amend
For pangs of grief below.

SISTER'S HARP.

When last those sweet notes I enjoy'd,
O Sarah, thy hand gave the sound;
But with angels thou now art employ'd,
While thy harp seems to sigh at death's wound.

How mournful's the strain that recalls
Thy form so beloved to my mind;
When the note of the wood-robbin falls,
Deep sorrow and tears are combin'd.

Though silent, thy harp seems to speak;
Too transient these strings for her use;
A harp of new strings, never weak,
Thy sister holds forth to thy muse.

The harp she has left thee behind,
Is a pledge of the shortness of time;
As her hand struck the last note sublime,
May her sweet example be mine.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

Soon, soon, my dear Sarah, some friend,
  Will say of Eliza and you,
They have left us; 'twas mine to attend
  The bed where they sigh'd the adieu.

Then Oh, my dear Sarah, may we
  Being freed from this earthly abode,
Where crosses we still are to see,
  Rest safe in the bosom of God.

O, there we shall meet, if prepar'd,
  Our friends who have long gone before,
For Christ our dear Savior, declared,
  That mansions of rest are in store.

Such hope on the promise reclin'd,
  Is appointed to cheer us below;—
Its influence a sweetness of mind,
  Which none but who feel it can know.

TO MY COUSIN.

From scenes of mirth and noisy guests,
  I yet remain in peace;

This season quite surpasses all,
  To bring to mind the joys
Of children rambling in the fall—
  The little girls and boys.

For swiftly sped those lightsome hours,
  When, void of anxious cares,
We counted all the golden towers,
  Imagination rears.

Though kindred near, and dear should sever,
  On earth no more to meet;
Yet virtue crowns true patience, ever
  Submissive at her feet.

Let's seek the heavenly graces dear,
  Fair ornaments of youth,
That wisdom gives for every tear
  That's shed in search of truth.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

There is a friend that softens care,
  When health and spirit's low,
Requires a heart to feel and share
  In either weal or wo.

A cheerful smile is like that star
  Which guides the sailor's helm ;
And thus the land is seen afar,
  Which darkness would overwhelm.

A cheerful heart should be refin'd
  With truth and constancy ;
Then Bethlehem's Star lights up the mind,
  And sets the captive free.

This happy gift, when thus possess'd,
  Survives the darkest storm ;
For this bless'd star lives in the breast,
  Then ushers in the morn.

RETIREMENT.

A pleasant, calm retreat,
My muse would choose to greet,
Where gratitude can reign,
And music entertain.

The number few, but kind,
Of friends for me designed,
Where contemplation shares.

Industry must have her place,
And walk with even pace,
For this prepares the mind
For pleasures more refin'd.

Our walls shall never close
Against the pilgrim's woes;
Who comes to seek, shall find
Shelter from cold and wind.

Sometimes let them unfold
Their secret troubles, bold,
A soothing word may lend
A cordial to a friend.

And when the night is o'er,
With thanks they'll leave the door,
And lightsome o'er the plain,
Pursue their course again.

ON PLEASURE.

Adieu, ye winds, that softly
Blew phantoms in the air,
And raised your heads so lofty,
To seek ye, was my care.

But when I thought to gain you,
  Ye vanish'd from my sight,
Ye faded like the rainbow,
  No more to give delight.

THE DESERTED PLAIN.

Ah! where's the youthful train,
That throng'd the lovely plain;
And wove enchantments sweet,
Which music made complete.

Death spell, and broke the band,
And banish'd all their mirth;
Transfer'd to some lone land,
Oblivion's hid their worth.

But one of all the train,
Still lingers on the plain;
And she has long retired,
From all who once admired.

Neglected or unknown,
She keeps her lonely hall,

Where winding waters pour
Their floods to yonder shore:
Sometimes at eve she strays,
To sigh o'er fallen days.

ON HEARING A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. DR. B.

"*And if I go, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.*"

And wilt thou come to cheer my longing sight,
My dear Redeemer, from that world of light;
And take me to those mansions well prepared,
For those that love thee, as thou hast declared?

Thrice happy season, when my Lord shall come
To take his children to their peaceful home;
To live with him, whose blissful smile is peace,
Forever freed from earth's tumultuous strife.

Then fear not death, when hope's bright banner reigns,
Nor fear the shroud—for here will end thy pains;
Soon thy glad spirit's ushered in the throng,
To chant the praises of the angelic song.

There thy full soul, in rapturous concert, tells
Of victory crowned, thy joy, Immanuel;

While notes symphonious, chord along the songs,
Joy, peace, and rest—eternity prolongs.

Then let me walk life's thorny way with care,
Avoiding sin and every baneful snare;
Press forward to that heavenly rest on high,—
Our promis'd rest—our mansion in the sky.

THE DESERTED PARLOR.

Ah! where is she who used to grace
  The sofa with her form,
Whose smiling looks, and artless face,
  Her converse did adorn.

There's her piano,—hark!—no sound!
  Where is that sprightly hand
That us'd to scatter notes around,
  Sublime at her command?

Go muse, and call—ah! nothing's heard,
  No human sound she knows;
For yonder—Mary sleeps, inter'd
  Where early violets grow!

And thou, deserted parlor, fair

And never let their tears be rare,
When Mary's fate is told.

ON THE DEATH OF EUNICE WHITTLESEY.

Go, melancholy muse, and view the seat
Of Whittlesey, and let the contrast tell,
How health, and wit, and beauty, tho' complete,
Are not exempt from death—so Eunice fell!

Then let the muse in sacred order move,
While traversing her lonely garden o'er;
And turning seat me in her lone alcove,
Where sunshine happy days are now no more.

Still let reflection once enjoy her lay,
And call back hours of youth departed long,
When hope and joy around our hearts would play,
And happiness, a vision, chant her song.

No more the radiance of the sun's bright ray
Invites dear Eunice to these pleasant scenes;
But joys, that far surpass this earthly dream,
Inspire my Eunice to superior themes.

Then let me bid this bower my last adieu,
Since the loved mistress joyful took her flight

And may my heart like hers in virtue true,
View joys by faith that now I can't by sight.

THE RESURRECTION OF A PIOUS FAMILY.

Written at the request of a friend.

Death severs friends, while some remain to weep,
To view the forms beloved borne to their graves,
Where safe entomb'd their bodies lowly sleep,
Till new-born ages sink beneath the wave.

There silence reigns, and intercourse is o'er;
Their evening fire-side never more shall throng
With cheerful guests to tell of ancient lore,
While innocence would list the cricket's song.

Are all dispersed? the traveller breathes a sigh:—
Is not one left to hear the pilgrim's prayer,
Who many a stormy night, when winds blew high,
Has found an open door and shelter there?

Blest house, deserted,—still I linger here;
And silent, listen to the mournful breeze,
That slowly murmurs through the mansion near,
And sighs its passage through the neighb'ring trees.

Still to this seat, for charity renown'd,
  Whose hospitable host fed all the poor,
At twilight's fall, the pilgrim weary, round
  Would turn, and hither find an open door.

But now no welcome echoes through the hall,
  To soothe his sorrows, or light up a smile,
Or bid him seek His grace who died for all,
  Or chant His praise the evening to beguile.

But cease these sighs, this tumult, and my tears,
  I soon shall hear the joyful trumpet sound—
Break their short sleep,—when God's own light appears,
  To shed His influence, breathing life around.

Then this blest family, shall live and bloom,—
  Confin'd no more to dust, rise hand in hand—
Spring from the dust, exulting o'er the tomb,—
  With shouts of angels join the joyful band.

Where hymns elysian ever new they raise,
  In tranquil numbers greet the tuneful lyre ;
And saints responsive chant immortal praise,
  Their Breast-plate Victory, and their God their Sire.

ON A RESTORATION FROM SICKNESS.

To my Friend.

In condescension, may the balm
  Of Gilead now appear,
With strength'ning cords the mind to calm,
  And thus dispel all fear.

Far better light than sun-shine gives,
  May we by seeking find;
A sick-bed teaches us He lives,
  When we're to prayer inclin'd.

  Grateful to God, and friends most kind,
    May we be ever found;
  Establish'd faith adorn the mind,
    And every grace abound.

  Let harmony and love adorn
    Our few and fleeting days,
  And fit us for that glorious morn,
    When Christ himself arrays.

  When troubles rise, let us resort
    To the Physician, God,
  And hope and trust He'll bring to naught

Your sympathy for me bestow'd
  I yet remember well;
And how my heart within me glow'd,
  When written accents fell.

LIFE IS TRANSIENT.

Such is the state of life, my friend,
  That all is transient here;
If we have trials to contend,
  Our heaven, our home is near.

If our dear friends around us fall,
  Or other sorrows come,
Let's think the warnings are a call,
  To speed our passage home.

If prosperous days around us smile,
  Then view the hand that gives,
But let not prosperous days beguile
  Our souls from him that lives.

If clouds or storms be seen afar,
  And dreary winter come,
May we be mindful of the Star
  That guides our passage home.

ON THE CRUCIFIXION OF OUR SAVIOR.

Day of days, his people crown'd him,
  But the crown was not of love ;
And on his crown they smote to wound him,
  Lord of all the worlds above.

Milder than the blushing morning,
  Was his heavenly aspect fair;
He beheld their cruel scornings;
  None remember'd Bethlehem's Star.

He fulfil'd the glorious presage,
  Took the sin and bore the shame,
And thus show'd his heavenly message;
  O love immutable, the same.

Saints your life is in this blessing,
  Christ has pointed you the way,
Sinners kneel to God, confessing
  Crimes which he can wash away.

LET THE SEA MAKE A NOISE AND ALL THAT THEREIN IS."

Roll on ye waves, ye surges roar

Ye foaming billows, as ye soar,
  Give praises to your king.

Ye lofty tides that in waves do glide,
  In leaping numbers tell
Who now commands the setting tide,
  And bids your waters swell.

Ye fish that scale in thousand bands,
  Praise him who guards your shoals,
Who feeds you from his op'ning hands,
  Where deeper waters roll.

Let all the monsters of the deep
  Command their voice to him,
While the rude waters hushed to sleep,
  All nature chants her hymn.

Let man whose gifts were formed for praise,
  With noble gifts refin'd,
Let him attune his harp to raise
  The song that heaven design'd.

THE DESERTED ARBOR.

How fair are these branches, which once spread
  their shade
For two lovely sisters, whom death low has laid:

While the soft winding breeze sighs a slow passage through,
And tells me my sisters have bid me adieu.

I view these dear seats where they once fondly sat,
I know this engraving, the muse points to that,
I see their initials so dear to my view;
But ah! my dear sisters have bid me adieu.

The bower still is green as the season returns,
The night bird approaches, and wildly she mourns,
While lowly they sleep, and the echo is true
That murmers, my sisters have bid me adieu.

Then, O blessed Savior, look down from above,
O teach me to pattern the friends whom I love,
Their virtues and graces, O let me pursue,
And then, O my sisters, I'll rest beside you.

TO THE MUSE.

How light thy little form appears,
Sometimes in smiles, sometimes in tears,
And as thy varying colors flow,
At every glance our bosoms glow.

But when thy parting beauties fade,

And every charm thy magic form'd,
Is dark and silent unadorned.

But when thy presence lights the mind,
The soul aspires to thoughts refined,
Where peace and sweet contentment dwell,
Where wood-bines shade the hallowed cell.

Where innocence, in neat attire,
Each rural walk doth most admire,
No other hope or wish she knows;
But what around her garden grows;—

Save when the distant bell she hears,—
That well known sound her bosom cheers,
Then swift imagination flies,
To seek her home beyond the skies.

Sweet muse convey me to the shade
Where simple worth's alone portray'd,
Where innocence her vigils keep,
To where my sisters lowly sleep.

WRITTEN BESIDE THE SICK BED OF SISTER SARAH, A SHORT TIME BEFORE HER DEATH.

Sweet sister, lovely as thou art,
And mild as summer's eve,

) must we?—yes we soon must part.
And thou, me sorrowing, leave.

Yet still I linger round thy bed,
And view thy form reclin'd,
Which soon will sleep, amongst the dead
Ere long to be confin'd.

Six months have filled your cup with woes
Alternate hope and fear,
Death now her sable mantle throws,
To sever friends most dear.

How can I bear the parting sigh,
When death will steal away,
Dear Sarah fades, she soon must die,
And death's stern call obey.

But hark! a still small voice I hear,
That lights the darken'd mind,
That says, beware to murmur, where
Thy Savior felt resign'd.

In death he bore a heavier load,
He felt a deeper sigh,
And for our joy, He marked the road
That leads to joys on high.

Then go, my lovely Sarah, go,
[illegible] His pard'ning love,

Where you being freed from sin and wo,
  Shall rest with him above.

SHE IS DEAD.

The soul is fled !—the transient breath
  Is gone to him who gave,
And now that form sleeps low in death,
  In yonder silent grave !

Her sprightly step no more is seen,
  With smiles approaching near;
No voice like hers upon the green—
  No more her voice I hear.

How dark, how silent is the grave,
  How low the sleeping friend,
And nought on earth her life could save,
  For Sarah's life must end.

Our life 's a lamp, lit for an hour,—
  We hear our Savior's call,—
We bow before his sov'reign power,—
  We sicken—then we fall.

Our hope is far beyond the skies ;
  Our father and our friend,

Bids the young spirit thither rise,
His love to comprehend.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

Written when very young,—to a friend.

As when refreshing showers descend
On beauty's roses fair,
Such are the graces of my friend,
When I her converse share.

Unfading charms does she possess,
A mind that's well inform'd,
She sympathizes in distress,
And thus her life's adorn'd.

Her manner's graceful and sincere,
Expression's in her eye,
Which seems to speak, still lists to hear
The accents that are nigh.

Serene's her look, her heart's the same,
Contentment crowns her mind,
Her virtues sure deserve a name,
Where evergreen's entwine.

O may the lustre of my friend,
Whose charms so elevate,

Inspire my mind from vice to mend,
And virtue consecrate.

SOLILOQUY.

Written when a child.

Youth's blooming morn will soon be o'er,
For life's an empty dream,
O may we all land on that shore,
Where heavenly pleasures, evermore,
Are peaceful and serene.

WATCHING BESIDE THREE SICK FRIENDS.

One o'clock, A. M.

With watchful eye and careful step,
I to each bed will go,
Perhaps this cordial may check
The fever raging so.

But means, without a blessing, prove
But trifling to apply;
A blessing from our God above,
Can cheer a sick friend's eye.

May I in faith give each
  The portion just prescrib'd,
And witness what I teach,
  That faith is true describ'd.

Around this table where I write,
  I hope my friends to see,
Recover'd each their appetite,
  Then let us thankful be.

ON THE NEW-YEAR.

Thanks be to God whose rolling sun,
Lights eighteen hundred twenty-one,
Whose wisdom guides the seasons round,
And binds in power the icy ground.

Thanks be to God whose constant care,
Preserves us still, his gifts to share;
Let all united sing around,
Till hills shall echo to the sound.

This favor'd morn, may many find
Their sight restor'd, who once were blind;
Then kind compassion be their choice,
And good will sound in every voice.

A happy new-year's song to raise,
A sweet return of joyful praise.

THE PRISONER.

The cheerful orb of day may rise,
  To run his daily course;
But ah! for me, the pris'ner cries,
  The lustre has no force.

In heavy chains by heathen hand,
  Condemn'd in dungeon's gloom,
Far from my happy native land,
  And my domestic room.

No sympathizing tear I find,
  To soothe a broken heart,
But cruel threats from savage minds,
  No words of joy impart.

But while in darkness long I lie,
  May resignation prove
A balm to cure the heavy wound,
  And raise the heart above.

And tho' these chains surround my form,
  My soul discerns the ray,

Where soon instead of chains forlorn,
  I'll rise to endless day.

How blest the thought to meet again,
  The distant friends we love ;
The joyful hope I now sustain,
  Descends from heaven above.

TO SISTER L.

Thou wilt, my sister, think of me,
  As you turn o'er these leaves,
And when I'm sever'd far from thee,
  Will read and turn to these.

Perhaps some word may bring to mind,
  Past days and lightsome hours,
When youth and health around us twin'd
  A wreath of myrtle flowers.

But if, my dear, we meet with change,
  We'll think 'tis for the best,
Nor murmur, nor dare think it strange,
  For love will stand the test.

And may kind Providence bestow
  His holy presence ever,

TO SISTER M.

Dear sister, when you turn to this,
  Then think of sister E.
And sometimes say this writing is
  A pledge of love from me.

And should some bright and prosperous days
  Again shine o'er our path,
Let us seek first true wisdom's ways,—
  The richer joys of faith.

But humbly thankful, may our hearts
  Receive, if plenty crowns ;
Or if deny'd, God's love imparts,
  And all His children owns.

Then sure, we safe shall find a home,
  A lasting seat in heaven ;
Where we shall wish no more to roam,
  Enjoy the promise given.

SABBATH MORN.

Hail blessed day—let each glad spirit say,
My soul awake, repent, and kneel to pray ;

Bow to His foot-stool, view His pard'ning grace,
Seek Him betimes—adore His smiling face.

If cares oppress, and trials fill the mind,
See on the cross, the Saviour was resign'd;
He bore a heavier load—Ah! yes for me,
He bled and died, to set the captive free.

Then rise my soul, adore exalted love,
Raise swift thy wings to those fair climes above,
Where cherubs sound the praises of their King,
And all their praises flow with joy to Him.

Then to His courts with joy I would repair,
And hear the wonders that revive me there;
The word of God alone unfolds the way,
That leads to joys of never fading day.

Reign o'er me King Supreme, forever reign,
And from vain thoughts and words may I refrain;
Then by the door of sweet salvation, I,
O'er the etherial hills, myself espy.

THY SMILE, O GOD, IS LIFE AND PEACE.

O thou, whose smile is all

Let thy mild radiance fall,
  To make thy servants blest.

Thy smiles new vigor bring,
  To keep our heart and mind,
And lights the soul to sing
  In rapture most refin'd.

When thy protecting smile
  Directs the wanderer's way;
No storm shall e'er beguile,
  Or lead their souls astray.

One smile of thine inspires
  Inestimable peace;
And then the soul desires
  No other joy but this.

While others seek for gain
  On sublunary ground,
Let me thy smile obtain,
  And then my joys are crown'd.

CHRIST, WHO'S GONE BEFORE.

When troubles rise,
  And tempests roar,

Lift up you eyes,
  Christ went before.

Though friends may part,
  And tears may pour,
Comfort your heart,
  Christ went before.

Though, in the dust.
  They're seen no more,
Still Him we trust
  Who went before.

When left alone,
  Unseen, adore
That righteous One,
  Who went before.

When death's cold stream
  Shall round us pour,
Then think on Him,
  Who went before.

None e'er should faint,
  Who seek that shore,
Or make complaint,—
  Christ went before.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE DECEASED.

Three years have fled,
And quickly sped,
Since first their vows were given ;—
Now two are dead,
Their vows are fled,
And all their prospects riven.

Their prospects bloom'd—
But now entomb'd,
Their bodies lowly sleep ;
Then why should I,
For earth more sigh,
Or for vain pleasure seek ?

THE POWER OF BOTANY.

Selected from luxuriant groves,
In folds of rich perfume,
From wilds where skilful knowledge roves,
And holds her conquering plume.

In verdant meads, in spicy beds,
In rich profusions found,
The choicest aromatic, sheds
Sweet exhalations round.

Cull'd from the depths of deeper shades,
Where thickest ivy twines,
Where silent solitude pervades,
There nature's gift reclines.

These healthful herbs and roots are found
In fields and gardens near,
That praise impartial may resound
To God who plac'd them there.

FRIENDSHIP.

How dear and bless'd the name
Of friendship's golden chain;
She leads the happy mind
Where virtues are combin'd.

In peace, content, and love,
Thus we true friendship prove,
An interchange of joy,
Which nothing can destroy.

A confidence is join'd
To mingle souls refin'd,
And angels listen there,
Such tidings to declare.

ON SPRING.

Return sweet spring, and let thy rays
  Descend to cheer the ground,
While each glad field her tribute pays,
  Bedeck'd with flowers around.

While budding trees, adorn'd with green,
  Unfold their fragrant leaves;
And cheerful songsters there are seen
  Their webbed nests to weave.

Now let the joyful farmer strew
  His seed on broken soil,
While with delight he hopes to view
  The harvest crown his toil.

And now may gentle showers descend,
  To cheer the smiling meads,
While their soft winds the zephyrs lend
  To weave the tender reeds.

Now gentle streams refresh the vales,
  Exhaling odors sweet,
Meandering down the hills and dales,
  And makes the scene complete.

"LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW."

When cares oppress and wound the heart,
What sweet relief does love impart;
Can aught beneath the radiant sun,
Inspire such charms as love hath done.

Love! yes, 'twas love that bled for all,
That paid the ransom from the fall;
When no kind arm was stretch'd to save,
Our Savior's life in love He gave.

There is a charm in love's command,
That follows where the christian band
Unite in praises to their King,
While notes of joy tune every string.

The joys of love survive the tomb,
'Tis like an ever-green in bloom;
When outward beauty fades away,
Love lights the soul to realms of day.

Then fear not age, with silvery hair,
For mental worth shines then most fair;—
'Tis then the graces most conspire,
To set it forth in meek attire.

TO A FRIEND.

Dear Polly, where are you to-day?
  And what is your employment?
I hope your every care's away,
  And you have sweet enjoyment.

Let us press forward, to obtain
  The favor of our God;
If happily we may attain
  The strait and narrow road.

Then think, when years are past,
  How small our trials were;—
When Christ, his robe shall o'er us cast,
  And wipe the falling tear.

More patient may we still abide,
  'Till Jesus makes us wise;—
Laying all anger quite aside,
  For mercy in the skies.

THE RUSH CURTAIN.

A Riddle.

Its lovely form to hide from view,
Under a shady grape vine grew,
When fair ambition says, "all hail,
Why live you in this lonely vale?
Come live with me, thy plumage dear,
Shall deck my cottage window near;
So when the sun's reflecting heat,
Shall every day our windows greet;
In tenderness for thy lov'd maid,
Thou'lt lend thy wings her form to shade."

ON THE NEW-YEAR, 1829.

O God preside, and rule the rising year,
Convert, inspire, in majesty appear;
Control our nation, let thy image shine,
Rule thou in eighteen hundred twenty-nine.

Our hopes, our joys, flow from thy presence still;
Conform our minds, and bend them to thy will;
Great Sun of Righteousness, with power divine;
Illumine eighteen hundred twenty-nine.

This year, O Sun of Righteousness divine,
Break forth in beauty, o'er the darkness shine,

Let order, truth, and unity refine
All hearts, in eighteen hundred twenty-nine.

Give our exactors grace, our teachers too,
May each his gift and calliug now pursue ;
Build up thy cause—we own the kingdom thine,
And order eighteen hundred twenty-nine.

Let pride no more our christian land control,
That poisonous draught deceitful to the soul ;
Those wasting fiends, extravagance and wine,
Put down in eighteen hundred twenty-nine.

Then shall our country's sons become renown'd,
And take the honor freedom long has crown'd ;
Then shall her daughters praise the power divine,
Who orders eighteen hundred twenty-nine.

HAPPINESS IS TO BE FOUND IN GOD ALONE.

I've seen earth's prospects blasted,
To me they've died away ;
But heaven's bright promise lasted,
Which never can decay.

I've felt the fond emotion
Of pity and of love ;

But nothing's like devotion,
  Which lifts the heart above.

Then earth may tell her story,
  Of pomp and all its gain;
To me this boasted glory,
  Is nothing worth—'tis vain.

To know that God approveth,
  Is better far than wealth;
He chastens those he loveth,
  To keep their souls in health.

True value, and true glory,
  His word will then unfold;
This is no transient story,
  But truth confirm'd of old.

'Tis this can give us pleasure,
  When friends away are fleeting,
Be this my lasting treasure,
  When life's last pulse is beating.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE WALK IN NEW-HAVEN AND ITS SUBURBS.

Zephyrs steal gently o'er the verdant meads,
Fanning the odiferous flow'rets sweet,

While in the distance the green mantle spreads,
  And spring-tide beauties make the scene com-
    plete.

Hail richest gifts of heaven's own order, shed
  In softest tints, of various colors form'd,
We greet our friends around the violet bed,
  While nature smiles, with the profusion charm'd.

The scene around me charms the admiring view,
  The muse such beauties cannot well portray,
But bends her thought to those to whom 'tis due,
  For equal skill to draw the bright array.

Beneath these elms, my covert and my shade,
  I take a sylvan walk, retir'd from all;
And here remote from pomp and vain parade,
  I sit and sketch the images that fall.

Here would I view that well known skilful hand,
  That neatly placed these rows of towering height,
Replete with elegance sublime they stand ;
  To smile on future ages with delight.

The temples here, whose spires may far be seen
  Behind the foliage, now command the muse,
Where bands together flow across the green,
  And here are taught the heavenly way to choose.

Blest spot, I oft would visit thee again,
  And listen to the pious theme that dwells
Around thine altars, which I leave with pain,
  While memory wakes to listen to thy bells.

Blest city; where the muses all combine
  Around the college, as in sylvan dance—
Well may each youth here prosper and refine,
  And every virtue, every grace enhance.

Rich gems are found within each cultur'd mind,
  Wisdom has plann'd and will these pow'rs unfold;
And as I view these minerals refin'd,
  The dross dissolves and thus presents the gold.

The Cabinet I leave;—and I have strayed
  Along the walks of the green burial ground,
Where to the left, in silent sleep are laid,
  The world that was in slumbers most profound.

From hence withdrawn, behold a rising seat,
  Fronting in view and o'er the prospect rais'd,
In swelling beauty soon each eye to meet,
  And soon to stand renown'd by poets prais'd.

Tho' young the muse that ventures near this dome,
  I feel a joy to prophecy renown;
For this new castle 's building for a home,
  To rest the stranger from the busy town.

RELIGION.

When light with holy influence beam'd,
  At once the darkness fled!
"Let there be light"—then souls that dream'd,
  Awoke as from the dead.

The glorious word was soon obey'd,
  And all in order stood;
Surpris'd in wonder they survey'd,—
  The word was seal'd with blood.

A still small voice attended then,
  And silenc'd all the winds!
While joyful saints proclaim'd, amen,
  Redeem'd from all their sins.

The song in ecstacy they sing,
  A new song then is given
To him who died, their harps they string,
  To chant with saints in heaven.

CHARITY.

Recorded in the book of life—blest name;
  And blest the soul that feels another's wo;
Who when the houseless stranger weary came,
  Welcom'd his guest, a favor to bestow.

st soul! who wipes the tears from weeping eyes,
Who hastens to the widow's lonely shade,
ere mingling in the hapless orphan's sighs,
Leads them to spring's perennial fountain head.

here speak of all those mansions well prepar'd,
Where Jesus smiles and blesses all that mourn,
The father of the fatherless, the widow's guard,
To comfort all the comfortless, and forlorn.

Blest soul! who visits oft the prisoner's cell,
Who cheers that dark, that dreaded damp abode,
Where often pale and wan in chains they dwell,
Forgotten, lie beneath oppression's load.

Blest soul! whose prayers and alms are freely given
To all affliction's sons and daughters here;
Such incense bears a sweet perfume to heaven,
And angels lend a listening ear to hear.

THE AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

To Mrs. J. Ufford.

If love and friendship e'er is found,
'Tis in a father's breast;
His fond paternal prayers abound,
And his devotion's blest.

His children near him side by side,
  With smiles of gladness play ;
While innocence and love preside,
  To crown the happy day.

But who can tell a mother's love,
  When her devotions rise,
Her infant's lips are taught to move,
  To gain the heavenly prize.

She lives to see her children blest,
  To crown her for her care,
She dies with truth and grace possess'd,
  She "enters heaven with prayer."

And now the lonely father bends
  Beneath the weight of years,
His children, best of all his friends,
  Confirm their love with tears.

They view the hand that toil'd for them,
  That kind paternal hand;
They hear his pray'rful accents, when
  He joins the sleeping band.

An aged father's love and care,
  Has almost told the tale,
Howe'er possess'd with love that 's rare,
  That strength with life must fail.

But when dear Julia's father sleeps
Beneath the peaceful sod,
Hope will revive while memory weeps,
And trust he 's with his God.

TO A FRIEND IN THE CITY, WHO WAS ABOUT TO RETURN TO HIS HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

Go, gentle youth, enjoy the fields
Thy fond paternal mansion yields;
Leave the rude city and its noise,
For quiet home and all its joys.

Go view thy father's old domains,
Where smiling nymphs, and cheerful swains,
Will welcome thee to those lov'd scenes,
Where anxious care no longer dreams.

Yet sometimes think of friends behind,
When far beneath some shade recline'd;
When o'er your native hills you stray,
Then sometimes send a thought this way.

May health return to you my friend,
As your lone footsteps homeward bend,
And may your soul be fill'd with praise,
To him who lengthens out your days.

May she who waits to see you there,—
Whose future hopes your joys will share,—
Whose constant prayer for you attends,
And every soothing accent blends.

Soon may thy bosom fondly beat
In unison with her's complete,
Like ivy with the myrtle twin'd,
With grace and elegance refin'd.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Written at the request of Margaret, who had parted with her beloved husband.

Can I forget thee, Walter!—no,
For whom my first fond sigh arose;
Then how canst thou forget me so?
'Tis this that fills my cup with wo.

Yes, Walter, I would still be thine,
And wish that we no more might sever;
This thought 's too dear, 'tis too divine,
My Walter's heart is constant ever.

But I will love, till death's cold sod
Shall wrap me underneath the gloom;
My woes I'll spread before my God,
And there my prayers for thee shall bloom.

Canst thou forget me, Walter, say ?
  Will Margaret's love forgotten live ?
O, ask the wave's unsteady way,
  Canst thou a better moral give.

Though happiness is short, 'twas ours—
  Too dear for me, too fond to last ;
When thou wert mine and I was yours—
  But must I say 'tis gone, 'tis past !

But O, when days with me are o'er,
  And silent in the grave I lie,
O then, when Margaret is no more,
  Weep o'er her tomb, breathe there one sigh.

PARTING OF THREE FRIENDS.

O, when shall we three meet again,
  In friendly converse true ;
O, when shall we three hold the chain
  Of a kind interview.

Perhaps ere we again shall meet,
  Decrepid age may steal,
Engraving marks of time most fleet,
  And set his potent seal.

Perhaps we ne'er this side the grave,
May press each friendly hand;
But know the separating wave,
Shall not our thoughts withstand.

Still let us hope to meet again,
And taste true friendship's balm;
Our joys we then will not refrain,
For pleasures new will charm.

THE WIDOW.

Composed at the request of Mrs. Oakley.

The scene is chang'd from joy and peace,
To silent gloom and wo;
And all is grief since the decease
Of husband here below.

A smile of his was like the morn,
Just opening to the day;
But since he died, the cruel thorn,
Deep in my breast doth lay.

He fell beneath death's cruel blow,
Far distant from my sight;
In New Orleans his grave lies low,
Whose form was my delight.

And now a widow lone I stray,
  And now feel for my wo?
Now? did I say; my God, I pray,
  Will guard me as I go.

I long to see his distant grave,
  And there I'd lay me down;—
Sweet is his sleep beyond the wave,
  Nor hears my pensive moan.

I'd kiss the spot where Oakley died,
  I'd bless the spirit fled,
And there I'd lay me down beside,
  To rest with him who 's dead.

LINES

Written on the death of Henry Wolcott Bartholomew, who died April 23, 1824, *aged* 11 *years and* 7 *months.*

Sweet flower, thy beauty just begins to bloom,
When death commands thee to the silent tomb,
Unwelcome hand that seizes Henry's breath,
To close his eyes in the long sleep of death.

How oft his footsteps in the morn I've seen,
With manly sway command his useful team;

How oft his smiles would seem to chase away
The tiresome labor of the anxious day.

Farewell, dear Henry, sleep beneath the sod,
Thy soul yet lives triumphant with thy God;
We only mourn the absence of thy face,
We trust thy soul has found its resting place.

Thou hast not known the height of sin's control,
Nor felt its baneful poison in thy soul;
Thou hast not wounded reputation's life,
But thou hast fled from earth's tumultuous strife.

I think thou'rt favor'd—freed from sin and wo—
Still thy sweet smile I meet where'er I go,
And my fond memory keeps thee full in view,
While bursting grief thy spirit would pursue.

Thou'rt gone to point us to that heavenly rest,
Where angels led thee to those mansions blest,
Where thou shalt no more feel affliction's dart,
There may I meet thee never more to part.

There may we meet beneath our Father's love,
To sing the song among the blest above,
And chord in praise to the Redeemer's name,
Where all the joy and harmony 's the same.

TO SORROW.

What a thrill, when woes assailing,
  Stealing all our joys away;
Constant billows are prevailing,—
  Dashing o'er us, day by day.

When the heart's with anguish riven,
  Hope 's our anchor,—faith's our guide,
Which directs our souls to heaven,
  Where we from the storm may hide.

Sinner, hasten to this covert,
  See, the storm is pending nigh;
Saint, rejoice; for once, too, thou wert
  Near the gulf where dangers lie.

Soon our bark will land, where sorrow
  Never rolls along the side;
Faith and hope light's up the morrow—
  Where with God we shall abide.

ON THE MASQUERADE.

March 30.

Drear the night, it rain'd severely,—
  All went to the masquerade;

Far from those I lov'd most dearly,
  There I sat a lonesome maid.

Mortal beings vainly sporting,
  Tell me the delusive strain;
Vain applause forever courting,
  All such revellings are vain.

Danger 's in the cup you're drinking,
  Fraught with keen regret and wo;
Drear the hour, when life is sinking,—
  Dashing all your hopes below.

Noise and pomp, with all its splendor,
  Nought of happiness bestows;
Innocence alone, can render
  Sweet content, which wisdom knows.

INVITATION.

Hasten then, from worldly cares;
Hasten from these growing tares,
Hasten to your God in prayer,
Leave to Him your every care.

Days and years He still protects thee,
  Tendering you his proffer'd grace;

Own us, dear Lord; we bow the knee,
And all thy goodness love to trace.

'Tis wondrous to behold such kindness,
Patient, listening to our cries;—
Taking off our moral blindness,—
Knowing all our inmost sighs.

Blessed Lord, we now surrender
All we have to thine own will;
Let us prize these notions tender,—
Lord, own us for thy children still.

THE RETURN FROM A LONG VOYAGE.

Cold storms, with all their foaming billows, rag'd
Around our ship, relentless of our fate;—
Thunders roll'd on, the forked lightning play'd;—
'Twas then our ship triumphant rode in state.

The deep run mad—we, drove before the wind,
And midnight darkness, hung our certain doom.
All stood aghast! nor dar'd express his mind;
But horror's image spoke despair and gloom.

Then the proud sailor bow'd in humble prayer,
To Him who holds the Isles as little things;

Whose wisdom, truth, and justice, none compare,
  But own Him Lord of lords, and King of kings.

All Nations are as dust, before whose sight
  The winds and waters His commands obey;—
All Nations tremble at His power and might,
  For at His word the foaming billows stay.

Praise Him ye saints, when storms of sorrow rise;
  Nor lose the anchor—Faith secures the Land,—
The Promis'd Land—by faith the christian spies,
  And ventures on the Promise, by command.

Dear friends, embark'd on life's rude waters, know,
  Without this faith your footsteps sure will slide;
The gulf beneath, will open as you go,
  Without this sure—this never-failing Guide.

To meet our God, to know our sins forgiven,
  To grow in grace, to know our voyage is o'er,—
'Tis joy, 'tis holiness—this, this is heaven,
  Our Savior ours, and ours forever more.

HOME.

Home has a thousand pleasing bands,
  A thousand charms are there;

At home we form our wisest plans,
  And all our schemes prepare.

Home is a safe, a calm retreat,
  To rest the weary soul;
Home makes one's happiness complete,
  Where love commands the whole.

At home, congenial souls we find,
  We breathe in native air;
At home our thoughts are unconfin'd,—
  Security is there.

Deception finds no place at home,
  No false or vain applause;
Thrice blessed home! ah, who would roam
  Without a powerful cause.

Some lose their sympathies abroad,
  By fashion's changing laws;
Some lose their Bible, and their God,
  And never know the cause.

But some remember home at last,
  Where first they lisp'd a prayer;
And beg for pardon for the past,
  And now the promise share.

HEAVEN.

Heaven is our home, we there shall find
Joys inexpressibly refin'd;
A taste for the sublimest song,
That echoes from the Angelic throng.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. Rev. ii. 7.

Hear, mortals hear, and all that dwell below,
The Promise hear,—and gird your armor on;
Nor let affliction daunt you as you go,
But take the cross—the crown our Savior won.

The tree of life has healing powers for all;
And underneath its branches all may rest:
Awake, all Nations, march at Jesus' call,
For soon your conflict 's o'er, and ye are blest.

Those gates, twelve gates, which never shut by day,
Unfold new glories, there the promise is;
There Jesus leads captivity away,
And holy souls enjoy their promis'd bliss.

Great day! glad day! responsive angels say:
  Sinners, repent, and read your Bibles more;
Nor tempt His anger by your long delay,
  But knock, and you shall find an open door.

Christ is the door, the truth, the only way,
  And in His pastures, weary souls may find
A safe Conductor to eternal day,—
  While on His arm our cares are all resign'd.

There is a balm in Gilead—sinners, come,
  Eternal life for every contrite soul;
The great Physician brings His children home,
  To heal the sick, and make the wounded whole.

CHRIST FASTETH, IS TEMPTED, AND OVERCOMETH.

Matthew 4.

The conflict's great--ye heavenly hosts draw near;
  Ye holy souls who know the Savior's love,
And ye who have a listening ear to hear,
  Behold your Conqueror meek, and like a dove.

Temptation flew, and could not find a place,
  Though offering all the kingdoms here below;

Blest Sufferer, in thy holy word, we trace
Thy sorrows—fastings—victories—o'er the fe.

O, who can tell the joy that reign'd in heaven,
When Jesus conquered? ministering angels flew
To bear the tidings which on earth were given;
Victorious songs were sang in heaven anew.

Death with its terrors, then appear'd in vain,
To tempt our Lord to faint beneath the load;
But cold and hunger, sufferings and pain,
Were proofs of love, which emanate from God.

Holy Lord God, let every christian say,—
Holy Lord God, let every sinner bow;
Amen in heaven, loud anthems then they play;
Praise Him, ye saints, ye sinners, praise him now.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

Revelations.

We take but little note of time,
Nor prize the present day;
Revolving suns, in course sublime,
For man will not delay.

We, from the cradle, wander forth,
  And leave our mother's side
With swelling hopes, of little worth,
  And think the world is wide.

But hark, the message from above
  Proclaims, "The time is short;"
Know, youth, it is the voice of love,
  Why will you longer sport.

O, let this admonition kind,
  This message from above,
Sink deep in every heart and mind,—
  'Twas sent to us in love.

When time is done with us below,
  Our souls can never die,
But will partake of joy or woe,
  Beyond the human eye.

Then let us seize this little space,
  The time to gain the prize,
That will be found by men of grace,
  The virtuous and wise.

The Son of God, whose blood was spilt
  To wash our sins away,
Was a great sacrifice for guilt,
  Which we could never pay.

For this, our gratitude we owe
  Forever to the Lord;
Then let our lips and lives, e'er show
  We love His sacred word.

O for a heart to grow in grace,
  To live for Christ alone;
To muse on heaven, that resting place,
  To know as we are known.

FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY.

O bless the Lord, who still sustains
  His people by His care;
Our blessed God still holds the reins,
  As all His works declare.

The fallen year we bid adieu,
  Another year we hail;
And while we still thy love pursue,
  Thy promise will not fail.

Lord, still thy judgments we would prize,
  Beyond all earth can give;
And see our home beyond the skies,
  Where soon we hope to live.

We call thy mercies all to mind,
  Blest Giver of all good;
Thy loving chastisements are kind,
  Thy love is seal'd with blood.

Another year we now begin,
  We bow before thy throne;
Lord give us wisdom how to win
  Those graces thou hast shown.

Thy meekness, charity, and love,
  Bless'd pattern of all good,
Inspires our souls to look above,
  To gain such heavenly food.

We see the mild revolving sun,
  By thy permission roll;
Lord, may this voice, ("Thy will be done,")
  Resound from pole to pole.

ON EVENING.

A stillness now pervades the busy world,
  As night approaches with her mantle gray,
  The cricket now begins her evening lay,
And all to peace, and quiet sleep, are lull'd.

This is the hour, if bliss is felt below,
  For sweet reflection now to make complete,—
  Her quiet solitude her calm retreat,—
More of herself, and less of earth to know.

The hour to contemplate the soul's true worth,
  When noise and busy care are lull'd away;
  The moon comes forth behind her sable gray,
And all the stars begin to sparkle forth.

Now sweet composure calms the mind to rest,
  And all is still, save where the distant bell
  Dies on the ear, the watch-men cry "all's well,"
Then quiet peace responsive fills the breast.

Here, in an hour of contemplation sweet,
  The soul can sing with unmolested ease,
  Of future joys, where all may find release
From this vain world, transform'd to joys complete.

This world's a scene of varied light and shade,
  Where grief and tears successive cross our way;
  But there's a rest where darkness turns to day—
Where sorrow never shall the soul invade.

TO THE MOON RISING ABOVE THE WATERS.

Fair orb of eve, I view thee o'er the sea,
  While the proud waters kiss the radiant beam;
Full, independent in thy course, thou'rt free—
  Rising like virtue, pure, in high esteem.

Thou'rt unconfin'd to seas, or distant flood,
  High o'er the wilderness, thy visit pay,
Where never voice or human footsteps trod,—
  Impartial beams, o'er nature's gifts display.

I love to see thee, in the evening gray,
  Encircled round with stars of sparkling gold;
I love to gaze upon thy parting ray,
  When silent sleep pervades the busy world.

And then to wake at midnight's solemn hour,
  When thoughts of death, and judgment yet to
    come,
Steal o'er the soul, with sweet persuasive power—
  Leading the mind to her eternal home.

And then to gaze upon thee, Queen of Night,
  Rolling in silence o'er thy lonely way,
Where countless stars, beyond thy borrow'd light,
  Are dimly twinkling through thy mazy ray.

The muse, delighted in her lonely flight,
  Imagination soars from height to height,
To unseen worlds, of far superior light,
  Where heavenly visions greet, with new delight.

There on sublimer themes, my muse shall turn,
  While thoughts in holy meditations rove ;—
There deep devotion's lighted lamp shall burn,
  And all the sacred passions sweetly move.

THE CHRISTIAN.

The christian hath a noble soul,
  A soul that's pure and even ;—
A principle, which crowns the whole,
  For know, his hope is heaven.

Afflictions here, may be his lot,
  Through life's uneven way ;
But storms of sorrow damp him not—
  The promise is his stay.

A christian, has a noble mind,
  'Though in the humblest cot ;
Though poor and maim'd, though halt and blind,
  Angels surround the spot.

His garb may be a mean attire,—
  His food the coarsest fare ;
Yet God, his all, his chief desire,
  Descends to bless him there.

THE NIGHT PASSAGE, AT SEA.

Few know what light and beauty glows,
  Upon the water's crest,
When night, her sable curtain-throws,
  O'er ocean's heaving breast.

The waters lash the vessel's sides,
  Like heaps of golden fire ;
While high the ship in grandeur rides,
  In all her rich attire.

The foaming waters, seem at night,
  Spangling like glittering gold ;—
Trembling in myriad sparks of light,—
  In surges never told.

Rolling amid the hurried wave,
  The flood of fire is driven ;
While the hoarse voice is heard above,
  From Parinurus given.

* * * * * * *

MY NATIVE VALLEY.

Recalling scenes most dear, my muse will roam,
But lights on that delightful landscape, home ;—
Embowered in trees, beneath the mountain's brow,
Where soft endearment sheds a richer glow.

There recollection dwells, ne'er to depart,
For scenes of home still cling around the heart ;
When we are call'd far from our native plain,
Sweet memory brings that valley back again.

Though now remote from me, those friends I knew,
Still memory brings each countenance to view ;—
With all those scenes, where we together stray'd,
The garden bower, the balsam's favorite shade.

Inviting bower, and lovely shades, adieu ;
And thou, sweet valley, with my home in view,—
With all your verdant meads and plains, farewell—
Where my young muse, first claim'd her hallow'd cell.

Yet fancy, oft shall wander in your groves,
And there revisit all those scenes she loves ;—
Letocket mount, with soft meandering rills,
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With all your verdant meads and plains, farewell—
Where my young muse, first claim'd her hallow'd cell.

Yet fancy, oft shall wander in your groves,
And there revisit all those scenes she loves ;—
Letocket mount, with soft meandering rills,
I often see, behind the distant hills.

Imagination climbs your lofty brow,—
Then wanders o'er her native vale below;
In every mead, she plucks some favorite flower,—
Then takes her seat, beneath her lonely bower.

There contemplation, sacred to the hour,
Points to initials, written in that bower;—
There Sarah G... with dear Lucretia stands,
As sweet mementos of my sister's hands.

No murmuring thought is here, yet tears will flow,
As with a mournful step, the muse will go
To the lone church-yard, where the marbles tell
Of Sarah's fate—and how Lucretia fell.

Though here they sleep a while amongst the dead,
And all is silent round their resting bed,
A still small voice, falls gently on mine ear,
And bids me wipe away the falling tear.

Faith rises safe in triumph to the sky,
Where tears are wiped away from every eye;—
Souls there redeem'd, may bow before the throne,
And there thy sisters' names are written down.

Faith points to hope, and now in airy wing,
They, both of Christ, and His salvation sing,
While all the throbbing passions sink to rest,—
Where His blest image is, all—all are blest.

WRITTEN BY THE SICK BED OF MY HONORED MOTHER.

The form so belov'd, is fading away,
And the bosom is heaving with sighs;
The beating pulse flies, her life must decay,
For hope, her mild radiance denies.

Dear mother, the guide of my earliest days,
Who so oft hath soothed my grief,
If gratitude, ever such kindness repays,
My bosom would here find relief.

No proffer of friendship, e'er made me depart,
In childhood or youth, from thy care;
The voice of my mother still liv'd in my heart,
For love seal'd her image best there.

The sound of the viol is dead to my soul,
The song of the serenade too;
I wait but to hear the knell that must toll
That sound which comports with my wo.

I would not repine, though nature must die,
And leave me awhile, here to weep;
She dies but to live—her Savior is nigh,—
On His arm, she reposes in sleep.

ADDRESS TO MY HONORED FATHER.

A cloud of ills came round him, I mention not the storm;—
Torrents of woes assail'd him, with sudden, frightful form;—
His family surround him—with scarce a hope surviving,
He mounts upon the billows, while hard the storm is driving.

Enough to say, 'twas wondrous! decision stood erect,—
His brow was mark'd composure, which e'er creates respect;—
Though sorrows, one by one, furrow'd his cheek with trouble,
Yet like a ship well managed, his faith and hope were double.

In early life he learn'd, that life is fraught with changes;
He knew the cup of bitterness—and then made his arranges;
He knew what then, by theory, experience since has mingled,—
That woes on woes pervade man's life, for sorrows *ne'er* are singled.

Yet still, past years of mercies, he calls to mind
with gladness;
He knew the hand that gave them, though now
'tis fill'd with sadness;
Yet still, upon these waters, a still small voice is
sounding;
He listens, for he knows that voice, his blessings
yet abounding.

Wait on the Lord, dear Father, and listen to this
calling;
His chastisements are blessings, He keeps our
feet from falling;—
Though waves of trouble round you, have roll'd in
frightful form,
Still bless the Hand that moves them; see Jesus
in the storm.

HAPPINESS NOT TO BE FOUND UPON EARTH.

Hours of peace, and tranquil pleasure,
Scarce are found in hearts below;
And the friend we call a treasure,
Falls beneath Death's cruel blow.

Life, and health, we call a blessing,
Sure it is, if well improv'd;

Yet the thought of sin's distressing,
  Makes one sigh, as all have prov'd.

Yet the gift of life's a short one,
  Health is ever on the wing ;
Soon our life is gone, 'tis done,—
  Transient life's a feeble string.

May we tune our harps for heaven,—
  Strive to walk the narrow way ;
How our Savior's life was given,
  For those sheep who go astray.

Let us highly prize this treasure,
  Let us own His holy name ;
Let it be our highest pleasure,
  To be true followers of the Lamb.

THE WILDS OF LETOCKET MOUNT.

A mourning dove, far in Letocket wilds,
  Which sounds symphonious to my lonely muse,
Calls me away, where her complaint beguiles
  My mournful theme, to her remote recluse.

She lonely sits, amidst these wilds unknown,
  And unmolested, tells of all her grief ;—

Her soft complaint, her sympathetic tone,
  Attune my harp, and give my soul relief.

She, though untaught, tells how to mourn alone,
  And thus retires to mourn an absent one;
So I, beneath these wilds, with moss o'ergrown,
  May grieve for one, whose absence I bemoan.

The prospect, down where murmuring waters fall,
  And all the low lands, seem to sigh with me,
While faintly, echo answers to my call,
  Responding sorrow, in some lonely tree.

But though these wilds and cliffs befit my tears,
  And all the hills are silent, while I mourn,
A grassy covering, in the vale appears,
  That wraps my mother's latent hallow'd urn.

The muse there weeps, o'er the departed dust,
  While sweet remembrance, holds her council dear,
And calls to mind the years of sacred trust,
  And brings approving smiles and pleasure here.

But night comes on, and I must bend my way
  Home, through the wilds and o'er the cliffs I roam,
Lest midnight tapers, lure my feet astray,
  And misty fogs o'ershade my peaceful home.

SONNET TO THE MONTH OF APRIL.

Spring has arriv'd, and throws her garland round,
O'er hill and dale, the varied buds are found;
O'er fields, o'er woods, her sweet perfume she bears,
And every grove in partial beauty wears.

The blue birds fly, to catch the waving flower,
And sing, and twitter in the garden bower;
While wakeful turtles, sing in all our groves,
And warbling songsters meet their happy loves.

Sky, air, and water, give the zephyrs breath,
And warmer suns refresh the smiling heath;
The sighing winds are in the distance heard,
And softer breezes now become endear'd.

Hope now selects a myrtle, fast entwin'd
With blushing roses, in her wreath to bind;
And near her cottage, hangs the lonely flowers,
Which bloom in beauty—bless'd with April showers.

All nature smiles, delighted, with a blush
On every shrub, on every thorny bush;
The varied tinge of glowing beauties rise,
While in the tuft, the hidden violet lies.

So when the winter of the tomb is o'er,
And cruel death has power to kill no more ;
Then we may rise to the perennial spring,
That brings immortal praises to our King.

GRIEF AND HOPE, COMPARED TO THE RAINBOW AFTER A SHOWER.

A gentle shower of sorrow,
  Best cultivates the muse ;
For hope, lights up the morrow,
  And sheds her joys profuse.

Like clouds before a shower,
  Our better passions move;
The darkest cloud hath power,
  Our faith and hope to prove.

Our trials teach contrition,
  We bend beneath the storm ;
Then wait with sweet submission,
  The rainbow's lovely form.

Our tears being now subsided,
  The flowers of hope will spring ;
In God, we have confided,
  And now our joys begin.

The lamp of truth is lighted,
  To guide our doubtful way ;
And we are now invited,
  To wait the sun's bright ray.

See o'er the hills descendirg,
  In majesty and love,—
With angels, swift, attending,
  Our "Peace Branch" from above.

This love, thus comprehending,
  We see a comely form ;
'Tis Jesus—see him bending,—
  'Tis he that lights the storm.

Like Hermon's dews reviving,
  Which fell on Zion's hill ;
When grief and hope are striving,
  Hope sees a rainbow still.

"*'Tis Immortality, 'tis that alone,*
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate and fill."
DR. YOUNG.

The soul one solace never finds,
  On this terrestrial ball ;

Until immortal beauty shines,
  And we receive the call.

Grace then with light and glory beams,
  And pours a heavenly ray ;
And leads us gently, to those streams,
  Where springs eternal day.

From thence we climb the etherial heights,
  To the great Fountain Head ;
And thither taste the chief delights,
  By faith and promise led.

'Tis then, vain world, we bid adieu,
  To all your smiles and tears ;—
Eternal, you, by faith we view,—
  Our home in heaven appears.

CHILDHOOD.

Little stranger, who would wound
  Such a heart of gladness ?
No, the very thought or sound,
  Fills my heart with sadness.

Little stranger—full of joy,—
  Childhood's hour is fleeting ;
Disappointment will destroy,
  The heart that 's fondly beating.

Little stranger, life is short ;
  Age will make it weary :
Time will end each pleasant sport ;
  Death is still more dreary.

Little stranger—see, the way
  To happiness, is narrow ;
O, thither bend thy course to-day,
  It leads to joys to-morrow.

Little stranger, take the road
  That leads to joys in heaven;
Truth leads to happiness in God,—
  Such joys, can ne'er be riven.

THE FLOWER.

Emblem of earthly scenes which give delight,
Which fade away, no more to charm the sight ;
Emblem of pleasure—phantom of a day—
Which fade to-morrow in the sun's bright ray.

But flowers in Paradise, unfading bloom ;
No frosts are there, no winter of the tomb,
But gentle dews ; and summer all the year,
Descends from heaven, to flourish ever there.

Sweet flowers are strew'd upon this earth awhile
To soothe our sorrows, and our griefs beguile

To give our taste superior thoughts of heaven,
And thus to muse upon the promise given.

Our friends, who rang'd with us to gather flow'rs,
Are gone, or dead,–the past were pleasing hours—
Lament not—for in Paradise they bloom,
And find a wreath for us beyond the tomb.

Flowers of a day—I look on thee with joy,
Though all thy beauty time will soon destroy ;
Yet hope, upon thy softness, fondly sings,
Touch'd with the beauty of immortal things.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of my dear Mother, Mrs. Lucy Wolcott, who died March 25th, 1830, *aged* 61.

Come sacred muse, bedew a parent's urn,
While in affliction's school, my numbers learn
To sing,—when sorrow's overflowing stream
Would drown my soul, in weeping o'er this theme.

Come Holy Spirit, gently from above,
Enlighten me with thy celestial love ;
Regard my prayer, and may my numbers fall
In sweet submission to thy heavenly call.

Begin my theme, and bless thy chast'ning rod,
That wounds to heal our guilt, a heavy load :

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Though waves of sorrow now may press me down,
Beyond the course of time, I see a crown.

Then gentle mother, may thy spirit be
Clad in the robe of righteousness,—set free
From pain and sickness, and from death and sin,
Thy everlasting song of joy begin.

Thus, while I linger o'er thy silent dust,
Thy words return, of "hope and sacred trust,"
Once, when I wept and kiss'd thy fading form,
The expression, "trust in God," from thee was
warm.

Though now her form is mould'ring in the tomb,
Still, "trust in God"—He took her spirit home;
She sweetly fell asleep without a groan;
Then why should I her resting place bemoan.

On life's rude waters, now I safe may roam,
"Trusting in God," my bark will land at home,
Where sighs, and tears, and ev'ry pain is o'er,
There meet the friends I love, to part no more.

"*Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world.*"
John 1.

Inviting world, no more your voice I hear,
Mine ear is deaf to all that you can give;

Another voice has charm'd my list'ning ear,
Which melody, attunes my soul to live.

Love, joy, and peace, are in the melting strain,
And all tumultuous passions die to day ;
My joy begins, nor shall I more complain,
Of all that earth can give or take away.

It is a sound from heaven,—list angels, list,
And tell the joys you feel around the throne,
While the good Spirit will my harp assist,
And tune my lyre in praises like your own.

Sing, ye redeem'd—'tis meet for you to sing,
Who long have listen'd to the welcome sound,
Who see unveil'd the beauties of your King,
Whose robe of righteousness ye all have found.

From that pure fountain joys immortal spring,
While the glad spirits guide us when we sing ;
Our faith and courage upward bend their wing,
And thus our souls present their offering.

The world retreats,-while heaven's unfolded door,
Is open still ;—while all is music round,
List, list—I go to Canaan's happy shore,—
Once I was lost—listen again—I'm found.

MEETING OF FRIENDS AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

The features of my friend I know,
  Though years have roll'd between,
For sure, the furrow'd cheek will show,
  Where friendship's smile hath been.

That voice, though weak, still bears the sound,
  Of cheering notes to me;
That eye, though dim, to mine is bound,
  For speaking looks agree.

That brow I know, though mark'd with care,
  Its influence is the same,
In all its weal or wo, I share,
  For friendship's hallowed name.

More beautiful my friends appear,
  As sorrow o'er them rolls;
And I can smile, or drop a tear,
  With such congenial souls.

Tell not of wealth, with all its gain,
  (Unhallowed sound to me,)
But tell how truth and grace maintain
  The soul forever free.

AN EXHORTATION TO PATIENCE.

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall awak

It is a thorny path we tread,
Where disappointments come;
Then we are mingled with the dead,
And cover'd in the tomb.

Our fondest hopes are blighted here,
For earth is not our home;
Then o'er frail life we drop a tear,
And welcome then the tomb.

To-day the sun is bright and clear,
To-morrow clouds may come;
Yet though no change to us appear,
We are hastening to the tomb.

Look then on life as lent awhile,
To gain a heavenly home,
Where Jesus meets us with a smile,
Who once perfum'd the tomb.

For us a crown of thorns He wore,
His soul was fill'd with gloom,
Then led believers evermore,
To triumph o'er the tomb.

When to the cross His hands were nail'd,
And the dread hour was come,

His glorious mission never fail'd,
He conquer'd then the tomb.

Then let us wait with patience here,
Our Conqueror soon will come;
The trump shall sound, the dead shall hear,
And live beyond the tomb.

EQUINOCTIAL GALE.

Dark messenger of some portentous news,
Wrap'd in black clouds of ominous events,
Say, whither comest thou in garments loose,
Thy course some devastation e'er presents.

Fear, and much dread, thy hollow murmurs bear
Of shipwrecks, where the mariners are lost,
Upon some foreign coast to perish there,
Or on some plank upon the billows tost.

But let thy clouds yield to the sun's bright ray,
And stay the progress of thy mad career.
O let thy waters flow in gentler streams,
While the rude winds to distant courses steer.

God rides upon the winds, and holds the reins,
And all the winds are silent at his word.
Trust in His word,—His faithfulness sustains,
And let his shield and buckler be our guard.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

A breath of heaven to mortals given,
A glow of holy fire,
And all who breathe it taste of heaven,
And after heaven aspire.

The air of heaven is fill'd with love,
This chords on every string,
This makes the harmony above,
And sacred is the spring.

No joy would mortals find below,
Without this one delight,
But grief, with all its train of wo,
If love was out of sight.

Still blasting storms, and winds may blow,
O'er man's frail life below,
Yet hallow'd love, thy sacred glow,
Shall breath in storms of wo.

OUR SAVIOR'S CALL.

Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

We are call'd, when fatigued, to the banquet prepar'd,
And to cast all our care on the Lord;

We are call'd by His cross, and His passion declar'd,
To taste the rich joys of his word.

When sickness, or danger, or grief, brings us low,
And friends are all falling around,
O, then to His word for relief we may go,
Sweet balm for the heaviest wound.

'Tis there the rich promise of durable grace,
Stands seal'd with His own precious blood;
Words of pardon and peace, we thither may trace,
And feast on the spiritual food.

We come, blessed Lord, we rejoice at thy call,
We are weary with sin's heavy load;
O, be our protector, our fortress, our wall,
Conduct us safe home to our God.

Thy shadow is peace, thy spirit is good,
Thy judgments more precious than gold;
We are bought with the price of thine own precious blood,
By this let our names be enroll'd.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Flowing streams in all your windings stray,
And fill the bosom of the swelling deep,

There welcome to the home of waters stay,
  Where all your murmurs gently sink to sleep.

Thus friendship, sweet resemblance of your course,
  In numerous channels the blest union fills;
And as the dew of Hermon gently pours,
  It falls on Zion, fairest of the hills.

ON MEMORY.

Life is sweeten'd by thy power,
  And the fallen years return,
Draws the curtain from an hour,
  Thither we a-lesson learn.

Take the veil from former years,
  Brightens eyes bedim'd with grief,
Sooths our sorrows and our tears,
  Thither may we find relief.

Mem'ry cheers in joy or wo,
  Though our earthly hopes are riven,
Though our tears awhile may flow,
  Soon our bark may rest in heaven.

BETHLEHEM'S STAR, OR, THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

They followed the star by faith,—all may follow
Their steps to fair Bethlehem's gates ;
The song of the angels, our bosoms may hallow,—
The Savior, to meet us there, waits.

What song can compare with the song which they sing,—
'Tis the song which eternity fills ;—
Good will toward men, is the song which they bring,
While shepherds descend from the hills.

The news now is gladness, 'tis joy, it is peace,
Which the wings of the angels unfold ;
Their message of truth, our faith shall increase,
Where the star leads our eyes to behold.

Redemption from bondage, and slavery's chains,
Our lips now in praises may sing ;
We follow the Star, where the image contains
Our Conqueror, Priest, and our King.

The lowliest station, he takes for his bed,
The meanest of clothing puts on ;
He is found without pomp, where the oxen are fed,
Though the world he can claim as his own.

Blest pattern of meekness, thy visit we prize,
Our hearts feel new joys while we sing;
Our praises in concert, shall constantly rise,
Till earth owns her Savior and King.

Upon the death of my much lamented Friend and Patron, the Rev. Thomas R. Gold.

He is resting, and calm be his sleep,
Where willows are waving around;
He is gone, yet the mourner will weep,
And long remember the wound.

Though friendship and kindness, had long
Wove a wreath of unmingled delight;
Yet sorrow had planted a thorn,
And now he has taken his flight.

The days of his sufferings are o'er,
His years of affliction are past;
He is anchor'd on Canaan's fair shore,
And found a sweet refuge at last.

My heart in true friendship, shall mourn
O'er the tomb where his slumbers repose;
Fairest laurels shall bloom o'er his urn,
And tell more than words can disclose.

SEE THAT YE REFUSE NOT HIM THAT SPEAKETH.

Can any refuse, when Jesus is near,
With light, love, and victory, crown'd;
O, who would not listen to music, more dear
Than the song of the angels around.

He stands all night long, still knocking for you,—
Rise up, and his visit prolong;
His robe, and his locks, are all dropping with dew—
Then open the door with this song.

We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee Lord,—
All the earth doth rejoice in her King;
While seraphs and angels obey the blest word,
O teach us the song which they sing.

The glorious band of apostles, praise thee,—
The army of martyrs all share;—
The fellowship of the good prophets agree,
While the church doth rejoice in thy care.

Now we sing to the Lamb, who taketh away
The sins of our poor fallen race;
We bless the good Spirit, who teaches to pray
For constant outpourings of grace.

HAPPINESS.

'Tis not where smiles, and feasting,
  Leave many a sighing breast;
'Tis not where gold's increasing,
  That gives the soul its rest.

'Tis found alone, where trouble
  Has purified the soul;
Then happiness makes double,
  And crowns with peace the whole.

Contentment gives new graces;
  This talent well refines;
And sorrow, ne'er defaces,
  The pearl, where wisdom shines.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON THE MILLENIUM.

Blessed, and holy, is he that hath part in the first Resurrection. Rev. xx. 6.

The sons of Zion shall no longer mourn
  O'er the vast waste of sin's destructive power.
Their light arises, and the glorious morn,
  Awakes to bring the glad, the promis'd hour.

O welcome morn, most grateful to the souls
  Of all the saints embalm'd in Jesus love,

Peace now a thousand years the world controls,
  And all the saints arise their joy to prove.

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, on high,
  For the King of glory enters in;
Ye dead awake, rise through the etherial sky,
  And there your everlasting song begin.

Your resurrection is a thousand years
  Before the other dead who sleeping lie,
Your sighs are o'er, and all your falling tears
  Are wip'd away from every flowing eye.

Immanuel reigns, our everlasting sun,
  Our everlasting light, our righteousness;
Eternal love,—our bliss is now begun,
  And union fills the mansions we possess.

The earth her increase breathes anew to heaven,
  While all the beasts upon a thousand hills
Lie down harmonious, as the voice is given,
  "Victory and peace," the gracious word fulfils.

THE GREEN MEADOW.

Around your velvet sides I love to stray,
  Where waving cowslips interwoven smile,

Where lilies hide their modest heads away,
  Among the violets rest my cares awhile.

Sweet muse attend while glowing beauties rise,
  And paint the scene and weave a garland here,
Where all this native beauty silent lies,
  Nor let the garland fade nor disappear.

Here let it lie bath'd in the limpid rill,
  That winds along in softest murmur by,
Here let bloom, as gentle waters fill
  The waving meadow hedged with roses nigh.

Here birds are carolling their softest notes,
  A favor'd brier shields their peaceful nest,
While undisturb'd behind the ancient oaks,
  The screech-owl sleeps and takes her sunny rest.

Enshrouded here beneath this foilage green,
  While all the air breathes exhalations round,
Here let me meditate upon the scene,
  And tune my lyre upon this grassy mound.

Nor wish to rove from this enchanted spot,
  But let my meditations rise to heaven,
Where peace and quietude may be my lot,
  And sweet composure take the promise given.

THE AGED FEMALE COLORED SERVANT.

She left our mansions in her youthful prime,
  I saw her not till age had silvered o'er
Her dark black locks, that curled the head of Thyme,
  Now tells of youth and flowing curls no more.

Full seventy years have told, her health is strong,
  Though hardship oft has burthen'd her with care,
Her features tell her life cannot be long,
  Yet in the heavenly promise she may share.

She soon may rest from all her labors here,
  And who can tell what happiness awaits,
For souls redeemed new glories will appear,
  And heaven receives the favorite to her gates.

I met poor Thyme when adverse cares arose,
  I found examples for the pious poor,
Her faith was strong, her portion she had chose,
  And all her sins she truly did deplore.

And now advancing near the verge of life,
  She blesses him who listen'd to her prayer,
She feels herself released from every strife,
  And in her Father's joy she soon may share.

THE TURTLE.

When spring around our garden smiles,
  And charming breezes blow,
When wintry winds are in exile,
  And kinder zephyrs flow,

The turtle then begins her lay,
  And spreads her airy wing,
And in the hedge or on the spray,
  Her wakeful notes begin.

The mocking bird may carol there,
  The favor'd bird of choice,
The whippowil's soft notes may share,
  And tell of spring tide joys.

The turtle in our groves may sing,
  And fill the air with glee,
The merry songsters in the spring
  May warble in the tree.

In all this tide of flowing joy,
  Let favor'd man now sing,
And his best faculties employ
  In praises to our King.

THE GRAPE VINE.

We often smile when children are at play,
And think how soon these moments e'er so gay,
Are wrap'd in dark oblivion's silent shade,
Forever lost, and there forgotten laid.

Some children choose the oak; be mine the vine,
Where winding tresses round the beach entwine;
There Julia met me in our favorite lane,
That winds embowered in trees along the plain.

We never thought of parting, till the night
Told us to hasten home with all our might;
We daily sat beneath the spreading vine,
Till lowering clouds forbade the moon to shine.

Such was our friendship, till the hand of time
Called me away beyond my native clime,
And now those hours beneath the grape vine shade
Where friendship wrove her wreath, are found to fade.

No more I hear her voice call me away,
To rural scenes where oft we met so gay:
Though now divided by our cares, we prove
The grape vine still resembles christian love.

THE APPROACH OF JUNE, OR THE MONTH OF ROSES.

'Tis blushing on through brier and thorn,
  The wintry winds are still;
Now softer zephyrs waft along,
  The month of June to fill.

Soft dews descend upon the flowers
  And kindly rest awhile;
'Tis sweet to wait upon these hours,
  To see the roses smile.

How beautiful the charming scene,
  'Tis far surpassing art,
Like purity in heavenly mien,
  Reviving to the heart.

Sweet exhalations fill the air,
  While music in the grove,
Invites my pensive soul to share
  In all the songs of love.

Put off thy wintry robe my soul,
  Born to rejoice and sing,
Let gratitude thy lips control
  In praises to your king.

The soul with innocence possess'd,
  Her incense safe may bear

To Christ, whose righteousness hath bless'd
  The humblest form of prayer.

Thus while the roses greet our eyes,
  In all their rich perfume,
Should our prayers like incense rise,
  Our summer to illume.

A SONNET TO THE WHIPPOWIL.

Carol on thy lonely spray,
  Lovely whippowil,
While the moonbeam's parting ray,
  Sinks behind the hill.

Tuneful warbler rich in song,
  I love thy plaintive thrill,
Thy notes of sympathy are strong,
  Lovely whippowil.

The hour of rest is twilight's hour,
  Then meet me whippowil,
And chant beside my lonely bower,
  And I will listen still.

There I retired in former days,
  Charm'd by the whippowil,

And there the muse often strays,
To hear those sounds so shrill.

When friends are laid within the tomb,
And grief oppresses still,
Break forth and rouse me from this gloom,
Harmonious whippowil.

ON DREAMS.

When sleep on downy pinions finds repose,
Then all the mental powers their force begin,
Moments are days, such thoughts our dreams enclose,
And all the rounds of life are reckoned in.

With magic flight we every land explore,
And visit realms in fancy's wide domain,
We cull the fruit from autumn's favorite store,
While images forgot return again.

Cold winter's blast may fall in storms of snow,
And unregarded lie in this repose,
Where nought but summer zephyrs gently flow,
Among the violets where the dreamer goes.

The days fly swiftly in an hour of dreams,
We banquet with our friends, we journey, sleep,

We plan, we execute our favorite schemes,
  While midnight vigils all these projects keep.

We wake, and smile, and say, 'twas all a dream,
  We scarcely moralize upon the past;
But could we give to life its real name,
  I think 'twould well compare with dreams at last.

As vain as dreams, are all our hopes, below,
  Of happiness, which ne'er makes good her name,
But leaves an aching void in all, to show
  That truth and wisdom are her only claim.

THE SOLITARY.

Wonder not that tears and sorrow
  Wash my cheerful looks away;
I from earth no wreath can borrow,—
  Lovely pilgrim of a day.

I who once could dance with gladness,
  Joyful when the moon arose;
The song and dance are turn'd to sadness,
  And my looks bespeak my woes.

Once my parents both were living—
  Crown of all my joys below,—

Wonder not such joys are riven,
  Wonder not my tears should flow.

I have seen my mother dying,
  I have laid her in the tomb;
Wonder not that I am sighing,
  Wonder not I'm fill'd with gloom.

I have seen two sisters dying,
  I have laid them in the tomb;
Wonder not that I am sighing,
  O'er such flowers nipt in their bloom.

I have parted with another,—
  He to foreign lands hath gone,—
He the only son; my brother,
  Now his absence I bemoan.

I have seen my aged father,
  Bending to an adverse fate;
Wonder not that I should gather
  Cypress leaves, and mourn of late.

Tears befit my lonely hours,
  Tears of sorrow now may fall;
Yet I own my better powers,
  See that God is all in all.

"DUST THOU ART AND UNTO DUST SHALT THOU RETURN."

Heav'ns just demand,—let mortals bow
  In justice to their King;—
Pride is our curse and sin below,
  The sting of death is sin.

Sin the great enemy of souls,
  Blights all our hopes of heaven,
Till grace with power the heart controls,
  And mercy free is given.

When mercy hides our sins, we view
  A home beyond the grave,
Grace triumphs over death, to show
  That Christ hath power to save.

O Jesus, wash us clean from sin,
  With thy most precious blood;
Then shall our faith fresh courage win,
  To appear before our God.

ON VISITING THE TOMBS OF MY RELATIVES.

I stood alone to muse upon the dead,
  That lay all still beneath the grassy turf;

Five in the narrow house have made their bed,
  Death told their story soon, 'twas sad enough.

There lay my sisters side by side in death,
  And each one had a babe laid near her side;
Near them I found my mother, wrap'd beneath
  The green sheath'd curtain where her tears have
    dry'd.

Mournful she once did sit in sorrow here,
  Around her children's graves, and tho't how low
Those forms which once her bosom held most dear,
  Were thus consign'd to death; sad tale of wo!

I love to listen to the passing breeze,
  That always seems to sigh most mournful here;
Those whispering murmurs in the neighboring
    trees,
  Tell more than words can over friends so dear.

I muse upon their lives, which seem a dream,
  So short, so full of rapid change, and death,
Which drew a sable curtain o'er the theme,
  And gave to immortality their vital breath.

The cause of all this bitterness of wo,
  The anguish of my spirit long'd to find,
When justice spoke from heaven in accents low,
  Sin is the cause of death; now be resign'd.

Be still and know that thou too, soon must die,
  This mortal, immortality must wear,
Before it can ascend the ethereal sky,
  And drink of pleasures that will there appear.

The gift of God is made eternal life,
  To all who on his name and truth believe ;
The dead in Christ are now his chief delight,
  Believe, and be baptized, and ye shall live.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v. 3.

A still small voice falls gently on mine ear;—
Awake my powers and banish every fear;
Thy poverty of spirit soon will prove,
That thy inheritance is Jesus' love.

Rich consolation 's in the sound I hear;
Sweet words of promise now will soon appear ;
The poor in spirit heaven's own subjects are,
For they shall in their Father's kingdom share.

Wait then, my soul, a few more fleeting years ;
The gift of heaven will well reward thy tears;
Low at his cross thy every care resign,
For grace and mercy there forever shine.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Matt. v. 4.

Precious the never failing spring,
That flows at God's right hand;
Precious the gift and offering,
Reveal'd by his command.

The fountain of our comforts, flow
In his enlighten'd word;
Our bosoms feel the sacred glow,
When resting on the Lord.

The blessed comforter indeed,
Hath power to give to all;
Life, health and peace in time of need,—
Rise then my soul and call.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Matt. v. 5.

In heavenly accents most refin'd,
The Savior's message falls;
These words are for the meek design'd,
These lambs his love enrols.

On earth the meek shall taste his grace,
Tho' winds and storms should blow;

His covert is a resting place,
Where pleasures ever flow.

His righteousness, their richest gain,
Defends as with a shield,
When sorrow's overwhelming train,
Makes the proud sinner yield.

The meek are blessed in his word,
They heavenly joys pursue,
They seek the favor of the Lord,
And own him just and true.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Matt. v. 6.

A treasure to the hungry soul is given,
And water for the thirsty flows from heaven;
There drink, and ye shall never thirst again,
For angels' meat and drink shall you sustain.

To feel the joy of every sin forgiven,
To know what angels know, is bliss, is heaven;
To taste the grace that from this fountain flows,
Is what the text in sweet communion shows.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
Matt. v. 7.

Mercy came down from heaven to man,
For earth to lean upon;
Frail nature would not see the plan,—
Yet God could send his Son.

He came, and blessed be his name,
With mercy shining round,
To bring rich grace from heaven to men,—
All glorious is the sound.

Mercy, sent down from God's right hand,
Should ever bear a part,
In every nation, every land,
And live in every heart.

Mercy in God's own spirit lives,
And to the world unfolds
The dew of heavenly mercy,—gives
New life to thirsty souls,

Then as we thirst, and find his grace
Is ready to impart
All needful comforts to our race,
To heal the broken heart.

As mercy flows to us from heaven,

Mercy by us should free be given,—
The promise richly pays.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
Matt. v. 8.

Joys immortal e'er in bloom,
Wait for thee in heaven;
"Come," the Spirit cries, "there 's room,"
Sparkling crowns are given.

The streams are pure, that flow around
The city of our God,
And pure the hearts that there are found,
Wash'd in the atoning blood.

There the redeem'd by promise stand,
Forever undismay'd;
They stand or fly at his command,
They know their ransom's paid.

The pure in heart behold the face
Of a forgiving God;
In his approving smiles they trace
A love exceeding broad.

The Spirit and the Bride say, come,
Behold the Savior's love,

Heav'n waits for thee, there yet is room,
In realms of joy above.

Prepare to enter at his call,
Nor longer here delay;
His gifts and graces are not small,
The pure in heart obey.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God. Matt. v. 9.

Harmonious songs the angels sing,
And we may sing below;
Heaven will approve as we begin,
And blessings new bestow.

The dew of mercy cheers our souls,
And lifts our drooping heads;
The blessed promise now unfolds,
And all its fragrance sheds.

The root and branch united grow,
By dews of quick'ning grace;
Then peace and blessedness shall flow,
And beam in every face.

Love sheds abroad her healing powers,
She moves by grace refin'd;

The solace of our heavy hours,
She comes with accents kind.

Love, joy and peace, in one abode,
Are sisters of true grace;
Yet she is call'd the child of God,
Whose work is done in peace.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. 5. 10.

They love the truth who in the promise share,
And through the storms of life the image bear
Of Him who will defend them with a shield,
Nor to the tempter shall their courage yield.

They stand undaunted, 'midst a frowning world,
'Tis their integrity that makes them bold;
When persecutions rise in mad career,
Their graces then more beautiful appear.

The precious promises, to them unfold
Life giving powers, dearer to them than gold;
And though the tempest rise and they are driven,
They know their bark will sooner land in heaven.

They live for Christ, and for his name they die,—
Nor die in vain—their kingdom now is nigh;—
Angels will bear their spirits safe to heaven,
And crowns of joy to them are freely given.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Matt. v. 11.

Happy the man who walks in wisdom's path,
Who calls his highest wealth the joys of faith,
Nor goes astray from Jesus' sweet command,
But views the glories of the promis'd land.

No storms of sorrow, here has ever drown'd
The humble spirit who is hevenward bound;
Though persecutions rise, the word of God
Makes all things work for his eternal good.

He knows the falsehood, and the cruel rage
In which the powers of darkness oft engage;
'Tis then he flies to the protecting wings
Of Jesus, who the offer'd blessing brings.

The suffering saint then finds a shelter near,
A refuge in the Savior's love and care,
Whose voice of mercy bids the winds be still,
And leads the captive to his holy hill.

MEMOIRS, ETC.

Having once pledged myself the duty, as well as the pleasure, of presenting my friends with some memoirs of my near and dear relations, I think it necessary to commence them in something of an historical, or biographical manner; and more particularly so, as my sister Sarah, now deceased, who wrote part of the following poems, left no particular memoirs.

My honored father, Mr. Thomas G. Wolcott, of Branford, Connecticut, was born August 16, 1764, and was graduated at Yale College, in the year 1783. His character as a man of strict integrity, has been, I believe, ever unsullied; and through a long series of misfortunes and vicissitudes, which he has borne with unparalleled fortitude, he has been enabled to preserve the inestimable value of truth,—which I hope is a pledge of that lasting inheritance which can never be taken from him.

And here I must request the liberty to insert a poem of his, which he composed when he was very young, upon the death of his most intimate friend who died at sea, and was buried in the water.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of Baker Linsley.

What calls me from the peaceful fields, to tread
The awful mansions of the silent dead ?
"Tis Baker's ghost, that calls me forth to mourn,
His too untimely end, and watery urn.

Baker ! No, 'tis impossible he 's gone ;
What, gone forever—never to return ?
Yes, yes, 'tis he whose blithsome smiles beguil'd
Long winter's eve, and every gloom expell'd.

Yet in his exit, oft I see him turn,
With downcast eyes, and seems for me to mourn,
Lest contemplating on his generous love,
Of my tremendous fate, I should forgetful prove.

But yet he speaks in soft endearing strains,
Ere while as you, I travers'd all the plains ;
Vig'rous and active, when the morn arose,—
Youthful and blooming, in her grand repose.

But in obedience to the fates, I roam'd,
Pursuing gains far from my native home ;
O'er seas, by Isles triumphantly I rode,
But my return convinc'd me of a God.

For re-exploring seas, I once had pass'd,
In full expectance of my home at last ;
In sanguine hopes to reap substantial joy,—
Anticipating mirth, without alloy :

The King of terror's summon, soon he sends,
Strait to my bath his course he sternly bends ;
A truce I ask'd, the mute severe, deny'd,
My feeble vitals struck, I bow'd and dy'd.

In yonder depths my body lies inter'd,
Safe in the bosom of the roaring tide ;
Sunk by that stone which other's fame resound,
Be mine your voice, to echo my renown.

Now go, nor stay in all this dreary coast,—
Console my parents, for the son they've lost ;
Let parents, brothers, sisters, you and all,
Make me your index, to the eternal world.

The following poem was also written by my father, when he was eighteen years old, by the side of a dark pond overshadowed with cedars, not far distant from his dwelling.

Assist my muse, while I attempt to scan
The dreary labyrinths of yonder pond ;—
Searching the deep recesses of the mud,
Down to the chambers of the water god,
Where, huge and rolling in his baleful gore,
I may his function and his charge explore.
And now when Libra rules the changing year,
And summer suns yield sway to the horrid Bear—
When cheerful cultivation quits the fields,
And thunder ceases his terrific peals,—
When distant groves begin to stretch their shades,
And western breezes wanton through the glades ;
Sitting beside the gloomy lethean realm,
Where horror reigns, with an eternal qualm.
I spy'd an ancient boat along the shore,
Cover'd with moss, ay! from the days of yore ;
At viewing this primeval bark, I haste
Along the shore, a desolated heath ;
And now arrived to this mossy boat,
With full intent of setting her on float,
I seize the oar, and sweep the stygian wave,
That from the upper shores the nether cave.
Thus having gain'd this dolorous domain,
Where sleep and quiet rest can never reign,

Sudden, I heard the rumbling of his car,
Drawn by infernal rapid steeds of war.
Forthwith I see his empire rolling high,—
Horror augmented, by young demons' cry;
Not long, before I saw old Neptune soar
Above the stygian waves, exhibiting his lore.
"Why hast thou dar'd to rouse me from my cave,
Assume my bark, and triumph on my wave,
In which I deign to board my war-like sons,
As nightly vigils round their course to run;
Avaunt, transgressor of my sacred realm,
Or by my trident, I will thee o'erwhelm."
Thus having said, he turn'd his huge broad side,
And instantly immers'd him in the tide;
And whilst his thundering mandate shakes the ground,
The circumambient cedars nod around;
And whilst this I behold——I gaze no more,
But lash the waves, and hie me to the shore.

Has camœnas cecini dum inglorius efflorueram.

Our honored mother, Mrs. Lucy Wolcott, once Miss Lucy Hoffman, of Branford, was born February 5, 1769. She possessed through her life, *some of those* excellent gifts, which make a death-*bed scene* comfortable; such as love, and peac

She apparently possessed a quiet mind, under very adverse fortune; and the last two years of her life, in which she labored under a wasting consumption, she was never known to be impatient, but was often so cheerful as to sing upon her bed. Her last faithful admonition to me was, to "trust in God." And on the morning of the 25th of March, 1830, she sweetly closed her eyes in death, without a struggle or a groan; and it was remarked by many who were acquainted with her, that the same sweet smile she was wont to wear when in health, was discoverable on her features when she was laid in the tomb. She was buried in Branford, beside her two deceased children, Sarah and Lucretia, and their infant children, in the Episcopal church-yard;—where, in the month of June, such a bed of roses is scarcely to be found—which once caused some feeling stranger to write a beautiful poem upon the "Sisters' Graves," which has been so justly admired for the beauty of its intellect, as well as the sublimity of its style, that I shall feel myself honored to give the rich laurels a place in these memoirs, from the New-York Christian Herald.

THE SISTERS.

The scorching of a mid-day summer's sun
Had now abated, and the king of day
Had sunk from view behind the western hills:
But still, his golden pathway down the sky,
Reflected half his radiance back to earth;
And thus the lingering day, with light and shade
Commingled, o'er my soul a sadness shed.
It was a pleasing sadness, that retreats
From noise and mirth—that lonely musing loves—
And as the day declines, and night begins
To light his torches in the evening sky,
That loves to gaze upon the charming scene,
And feel the sentiment which nature speaks.
Such was the hour, and such my pensive thought,
When slowly I approached and passed the gate
That led me to the mansions of the dead.
Few were the sleepers there, and short their sleep
Had been; for 'twas a grave-yard that but late
Had to the long repose of death been given.
Soon as within the gate I came, two mounds
Of new-laid turf—each headed by a stone
Of monumental marble, milky white,
And compassed round by palings, which by art
Were taught to mourn, and tell another's wo——
Arrested my attention, and my steps
Invited near * * * * * *
* * * With sadness verging fast

To gloomy melancholy, I approached
To see what blighted hopes were buried there.
Two equal graves appeared, raised from the ground
Like little hillocks, and the tufted sods
Were shorn, and swept clean of their glossy fleece,
As if a lamb had daily fed thereon;—
All, with a meaning aspect, seemed to say
The hand of weeping love was often there,
To deck and guard that mansion of the dead.
'Tis by such actions, that the child of wo,
The anguish of his spirit loves to soothe.
Oft at the silent tomb of one beloved,
Will he his fond but lonely visits pay;
And from those deeds, that to unfeeling hearts
Might folly seem, the purest joy derive.
Supported by a slender stalk, there hung
O'er either grave, a rose-bud half in bloom.
Each hung a drooping head, and half concealed
Amid the foilage, like the Cypress mourned,
And seem'd to feel a sympathy in wo.
I stooped to read the monumental tale,—
For yet the twilight kindly lingered there—
It was a tale of wo. Hopes bright as noon,
And to that noon arrived, in one short hour,
Had sunk—in night to which no morn succeeds.
Two sisters—here Lucretia—Sarah there—
Were sleeping stilly in the embrace of death.
Their nuptial day was joyous, and the year,

In circling months, had hail'd its glad return ;—
In prospect, life to them was full of joy.
Conspicuous was the mark.—With envious eye,
Their gladness death beheld.—An arrow flies—.
One stands a widow, on the wreck of bliss.
Woes multiply ; another arrow flies—
They both its victims fall :—One leaves her babe—
Her orphan babe, to lisp his mother's name ;
The other clasps hers, in her icy arms,
And in a fond embrace, they slumber here.
Sad tale of wo :—man's portion is to weep.
But who can tell the anguish of those hearts
That laid these treasures here?
Did they, when woes flow'd in upon them thick in train !
Did they refuse all comfort, and repine
At him who smote them ? Let the marble tell ;
" Be of good cheer, 'tis I, be not afraid."
To this resort they fled to seek support.
And when afflictions come, why may not I—
Why may not all, to the same refuge flee
For succor, and that succor find ?

My honored and beloved parents, were married by the Rev. Samuel Eells, in Branford, May 27, 1789. The pledges of their mutual love, were six children. The eldest, Miss Sarah Good

sell Woolcott, was born March 19, 1790. It was perceptible, at a very early age, that she possessed an attic genius for poetry, as well as for music. She became a celebrated proficient in the latter, particularly upon the English Guitar. Her powers of mind were, without flattery, superior, combined with a taste and relish for the fine arts. She did not, by any means, neglect that part of her duty, which enforces industrious habits, as one of the honors of her sex; but was diligent without confusion; she was ever cheerful and animating in conversation with her friends, and was courteous to all; but always regarded the pious poor, as those that were entitled to her particular favor and condescension.

She lived with her beloved parents until the age of twenty-four, at which time she was married to Dr. Charles R. Norton, now deceased, and moved to Southwick, Mass. They were blessed with a lovely son, who is now deceased, which I shall speak of hereafter.

Sister Sarah had the happiness of living with her husband but four years. The circumstances of his death, it may not be improper to relate here. It was on the morning of the 21st of February, 1818, that Dr. Norton arose in good health. After breakfast, he proposed to his wife and little son, a ride to Suffield;—there were also two widow ladies in the house, which he proposed

should accompany them,—to which they consented with pleasing anticipations. The Doctor mentioned that he had a few patients to visit, previously, and should be gone about an hour; and wished his family to be in readiness to go as soon as he returned. His request was easily complied with, and the ladies sat waiting.

When the Doctor returned, he complained of a severe pain in his shoulder; but spoke with so much composure, that none felt particularly alarmed, until he mentioned with considerable emphasis, that he really believed he was seized with some fever, which would take him out of the world. All then became alarmed; and the most skilful physicians were immediately procured; but he said it would be of no service. He requested his wife to loosen the cravat that was about his neck, in doing which, she discovered a large purple spot upon the side of his neck, which raised her suspicion that mortification had taken place; and the physicians were obliged to own that his case seemed to defy all medical aid. The summons of death was relentless; and in seventeen hours, his spirit took its flight into the unseen world, at the age of twenty-eight, greatly lamented by his friends.

Sister Sarah, after the burial of her husband, was entreated to return to our honored father's

who was then only three years old;—the satisfaction we all enjoyed in her return again to our family circle, was heightened much by the playful conversation of her little boy;—who, as soon as he arrived, embraced his grandfather, saying, "O grandpa, I have come—how is it that you have done without me so long?" This was received as a most welcome introduction, truly indicative of a feeling sense of his lonely situation.

Sister Sarah lived about four years after the death of her husband, a part of which time she took charge of a school, and became greatly endeared by her accomplished manners, to all with whom she was concerned. Her poetic genius did not in the least weaken her tenacious powers for mathematics, in which she excelled. And it is to be lamented, that her opinion of her own effusions were so low, that in her sickness she requested that all her writings might be destroyed; and the very few that I have read were among the number that I suppose she would have forever laid aside. The first glow of her muse, was discovered when she was only three years old, when some one presented her with an apple and an orange, she was so delighted with the contrast, that she gave a spontaneous effusion in original style, greatly to the surprise and acceptance of *the donor*. And here I would observe that neither her poems, or my own would ever have

been presented to public view, had it not been for the friendly persuasion of our highly esteemed friend, the Rev. F. R. Gold now deceased.

Sister Sarah lived to the age of thirty-two; she had lingered five months under a wasting consumption, which she endured with christian patience and fortitude. Near the close of her life, when asked if she was afraid to die, she said that she did not feel much alarmed, that she had always borne it in mind that she must die, therefore the subject was not new to her. On being asked again if she was not afraid to die? She replied, "why do you ask me that question, is not Christ sufficient for me? Do you feel surprised that I am not afraid to die? My bodily pain has been, and is still very great, and God has kindly ordered it so, that my mind should be at ease. In my Father's house there are many mansions." She wished to see her grave clothes, which I presented her, she smiled and said, they looked too nice to moulder in the grave with her poor body, but said she hoped for a better robe for her soul, even the robe of Christ's righteousness clear down at the foot of the cross. After taking leave of us all, I observed to her that I would now resign her to the will of God, as I believed that her trust was in Him. She answered, she hoped so. Then taking her leave of her beloved child, she folded

tives. Her little son was a true mourner, he often said he should never feel at home any where again in this world, as he had no father or mother. He lived to the age of eleven years. A year before his death he was attacked with a disorder called the hip-disease, which began gradually to destroy his whole frame, and ended his life in a consumption.

On the 5th of April 1826, I visited him at his grandmother Norton's house in Guilford; when I entered, the worthy woman said to me, "I am glad to see you, Charles is dying." As I approached his bed I perceived the hand of death was upon him, still he could speak in a whisper. I was much affected, and told him he was now going home. "Yes," he said, and asked if I would stay with him. I told him I would. I asked him if he was willing to die? his answer was, "O yes, that is my wish." I told him I trusted he would soon be in heaven, where I hoped he would meet his parents. He expressed himself to each one in the room, in such moving accents of love as appeared angelic. He requested that he might kiss each one in the house, after which he begged of his grandmother and myself not to cry, and expired in about two hours after.

His grandmother observed, that for a few days previous, he had seemed to suffer in his mind with fears that he should not go to heaven, and would

often repeat the Lord's prayer and the creed, and all the short prayers that he had ever learned, still his mind was much affected. She asked him if he would wish any one to pray with him? He answered he should, and mentioned the gentleman's name whom he desired, he was requested to mention what he would wish him to pray for? he replied, he wished to go to heaven. After prayers, he was asked if it was according to his mind? he said it was, and that he was obliged to his friend. He was never known after that to feel any apprehensions or fear of death, which makes the promise good, "that the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much."

My sister, Lucretia Wolcott, afterwards Mrs. Mowry, was born August 7th 1806. She was the youngest child of my parents. To say the least of her personal appearance, it was lovely, graceful and winning. In all her deportment in life she was full of urbanity and kindness. At the age of sixteen she was married to Dr. Bedford Mowry of Pittsburg, now deceased, with whom she lived only one year. The birth of an infant daughter gave their hearts new joys, which were soon to be broken. The infant was named Elizabeth Grey.

But the child was only lent to reflect a gleam of happiness into the bosom of her fond parents, and then to expire. She lived only two days.

Such flowers are taken from approaching storms,
And Jesus kindly folds them in his arms.

My dear sister Lucretia lived only one month after the death of her infant, a hectic flush stole over her cheek immediately after the burial of her child, she was persuaded from that hour that she could not long survive. Three days before her death she asked for her guitar. It was supposed to be improper for her to exert herself to play upon it, as she could not raise herself from her pillow without being supported. Yet it was presented to her, and she accompained her weak and pathetic voice in such a mournful strain, that all who surrounded her bedside, were melted into tears. She selected and sung these appropriate lines,

"So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail smiling solace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die."

She had a great desire to receive the communion often in her sickness, and as often as it was administered to her, she expressed a thankfulness that Christ died for her. Whenever she was permitted to partake of that spiritual nourishment she seemed to revive, and she would often say, "O that I was more holy, and better fitted to exchange worlds. In every prayer she seemed to breath

after holiness and new desires for heaven. How frequently would she exclaim, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." This thought would cause her to tremble for herself and friends. She exhorted her young friends in particular "to order their conversation aright," for then she believed "God would show them his salvation."

The evening previous to her death, my mother asked her how she did? her answer was "O ma'ma I am almost to Salem," meaning, as I suppose to peace. She requested us all whenever we came near her, to remind her of prayer. She exhorted her husband with all the tenderness that angels feel for mortals, entreating him in the most affectionate language, not to waste his life in mourning for her, but to remember that he must die—to seek the one thing needful, for that alone would make him happy here and after death.

Her husband and myself were watching with her when she died. About one o'clock she called him to her bed-side, and said, "O my dear husband, how I pity you; you will soon be left alone, your wife is almost gone." He told her he hoped she would soon be better. "No," said said she, "I am going home." She then asked me to raise her, and I did. Her husband mentioned to her that she was dying; "Yes," her reply was, "I am now going home." She spoke

asleep, we hope in Jesus, aged seventeen. And though dead she speaketh "be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh."

It may be desirable to hear some history of my father's lineage, in an ascending line. My grandfather Doctor Jeremiah Wolcott, was born at New-Haven, in November 1733, he died in 1792, and was buried in Windsor near the tomb of his ancestors. He was a man of much education, and fine feeling. He married Miss Sarah Goodrich, 1758, only child of Rev. Thomas Goodsell, A. M. of Eeast-Haven. She was a lady of extensive powers of mind, excelled in composition, both in prose and poetry. She was born in 1740, and died in 1802, in the sixty-second year of her age.

My great-grandfather, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, of Windsor, was born in the year 1712; and died about the age of 86 years. He was a man of extraordinary personal appearance, and of the most noble powers of mind; and possessed some of the most exquisite sentiments, as will be fully illustrated in such a piece of poetic composition of his, as hath rarely ever been exceeded by any poet *either in* Europe or America; which with great

deference, I shall give place in the course of these memoirs.

A PENITENTIAL PRAYER.

Almighty God, most merciful and just,
Who many times has wrought salvation for me,
O hear thy suppliant's prayer, ere yet the sun
Breaks from the hidden chambers of the east,
To drink the morning cloud and early dew,
Fair emblem of my life, my prayer begins
Nor ends when night has curtain'd o'er the sky,
And shut out day light with its hideous shade;
Then airy phantoms rise, and midnight spectres skim
Along the gloom, or dance their magic circles
Around my bed. Lord, I'm distressed, alas
My troubled soul—how many racking thoughts
Disturb thy quiet.——
Cares and distracting terrors press me down,
While all my sins, a black and dismal train,
Arrang'd along in dire array against me;
The graves are ready for me, and the pit
Is open to receive me—see, grim death
Has lift his shaft to give the fatal blow!
Nor can my care avoid my certain doom;
Malicious demons, with devouring jaws
Stand ready to receive their trembling prey.

And bear me down, all cold with shuddering horror,
Unto those gloomy regions void of light,
Where justice triumphs in eternal torture,
And vengeance reigns in flames of quenchless fire,
Where I no more the cheerful voice shall hear,
Angelic or humane of friendly beings,—
But fiends instead, and souls forever doom'd
To endless pains, with imprecations dire,
And horrid curses shall surround my head.
Amazed and almost frantic with the prospect,
I wildly stare on all surrounding heaven,
And call on rocks and mountains for protection,
But call in vain—nor rocks nor mountains hear;
And men and angels are as deaf as they.
Deserted thus by heaven and earth I stand,
The guilty, naked, unresisting mark
Of heaven's pursuing vengeance, and expect
The fullest vials of vindictive wrath
Will soon be poured on my devoted head!—
Tremendous thought!—where can a sinner fly?
And what kind hand will snatch me from destruction?
Is there no hope in clemency divine—
And are God's boundless mercies gone forever?
Show pity Lord—O Son of David hear,
Behold a humble, a repenting sinner
In low prostration bows before thy throne,

And humbly begs for heavenly pity's sake,
By that philanthropy that glow'd divine
Within thy sacred breast, by love divine,
By those dread agonies thy soul has felt,
By thy own death, and glorious resurrection,
In honor to the scheme thy counsel laid,
And to accomplish which, thy blood was spilt,–
Show pity and forgive.———
My prayer is heard—a voice divine
In secret whispers (rather felt than heard)
Informs my soul, my sins are all forgiven,
My doom reversed—and my salvation seal'd.
Is this enthusiasm, or delirium ?
No : none but He, who in creation's morn
Hush'd the loud bellowings of the roaring deep,
Dispel'd the darkness—gave the light to shine,
And call'd the beauteous train of order forth
From darkness and confusion ; could have quell'
The dreadful tempest in my guilty breast—
Drawn the thick veil from my benighted mind,
And shed its radiance o'er its inmost powers,
Could give me faith to view the mighty Savior
Clad in His all-sufficiency and love,
And led my soul to place its final hope
And confidence in him—and to repose
Its everlasting interest in his hand.
None else could still these boding fears, and spea
This home felt-consolation to my soul.——

Of humble gratitude, accept the mercy.
And in return to thee, my God, my Savior,
I give myself—and every power I have,
To be devoted ever to thy service;
Accept the dedication which I make,
Assert thy rightful empire o'er thy servant,
Reign king supreme forever in my breast;
O tune my nature in unison to virtue,
May my heart glow with that celestial order
That animates the seraphs round thy throne.
And when this mortal life on earth is ended,
O may I rise and join the flaming throng,
And dwell forever near thee.

This great-grandfather of mine, viz. Dr. Alexander Wolcott, was a son of His Excellency Roger Wolcott, of Windsor; who was a grandson of the Hon. Henry Wolcott, of Windsor, and his wife, once Elizabeth Saunders; both of whom died in the year 1655, and rest under the well known arched granite tomb, seen for ages past, and may be seen for ages to come, being strongly fastened together by transverse bars of iron.

My great-grandfather, the before mentioned *Thomas* Goodsell, married Miss Martha Davenport, daughter of the Rev. John Davenport,

second minister of the gospel in Stamford. It is said that he was one of the greatest characters, as a gospel minister, ever known in America. He was grandson to the first Rev. John Davenport, mentioned by the Rev. Dr. Trumbull in his History of Connecticut, who came from England, with his humble followers, and became the first settlers of New-Haven, at no great difference of the period of 1640.

This was the same Rev. John Davenport, also, who was said to have shielded and greatly comforted those three famous regicides of king Charles the First; viz. Goff, Whalley and Dixwell; whom President Stiles speaks of, in his History of the Judges of that unfortunate king.

My grandfather, on my dear mother's side, was Henry Hoffman; whose parents, as I have been informed by my honored mother, emigrated from Germany, to Dublin, in Ireland; in which city, soon after their arrival, my grandfather was born. I also learned from the same source, that this grandfather of mine, when he was about fourteen years of age, came from thence, unattended by any of his dear relatives, to America; and was said to have resided twelve years in Philadelphia; at the expiration of which time—having been a

it were under the guidance of Providence,—he came to Branford, Connecticut, and there soon found (how wonderful are the ways of Providence!) the person appointed to be his future companion, and the mother of all his children. He was, as it were by universal consent, one of the most benevolent, generous, companionable, humane, and highly interesting gentlemen, that ever came from Dublin to America. He married Eunice Palmer, daughter of Mr. John Palmer and Miss Thankful Howe, his amiable and pious consort. She was, beyond controversy, an extraordinary, prudent, industrious, economical person.

My grandfather Hoffman died Oct. 11, 1779, aged 53. My grandmother Hoffman died July 14, 1801, aged 68.

And though no laurels deck their peaceful tombs,
The humble violet there unfading blooms,—
Soft be their slumbers till the trump shall sound,
To wake the sleeping millions under ground.

The muse will now in Sarah's name appear,
While my frail bark is safely landed here;
And though the storm hath often round me roll'd,
I bless the Power that has my bark control'd.

ELIZA WOLCOTT.

POEMS.

BIRTH DAY.

Written by Sarah G. Wolcott, the day she was eighteen years of age.

Farewell, ye faithless childhood years,
  Thou golden, glittering dream;
O'er you, I'll shed some parting tears,
  Then float on life's great stream.

Farewell, ye faithless, childish joys,
  False bubbles of the stream;
Aurora's shining dew-drop toys,
  Which faint in Phœbus' beam.

Farewell, the sorrows, cares, and pain,
  Erewhile that vex'd my heart;
Those same will never vex again,
  To-day, with me, they part.

To-day, on life's uneven tide,
  I hastily embark;

O, may kind prudence be my guide,
Nor leave me in the dark.

Far distant from my humble boat,
Let vanity be found;
Let malice never near me float,
Nor vice with me abound.

CODICIL.

Now blustering March, with swiftly circling sun
Revolving, makes my years count twenty-one;
How seeming long, looks e'en one coming year,
And yet, how short my twenty-one appear.

'Tis three years since, that I became eighteen,
I ought e'er this, to have trod discretion's green;—
I'm old enough to know the right from wrong,
Leave folly's paths, and to the wise belong.

But vanity, alas! still holds my mind
A willing captive, in her chains confin'd;
Each dancing bubble, glitters in my sight,
And many a folly still looks gay and bright.

A story, poor, 'tis true, and sad to tell,
That indiscretion's path I know too well;

And though I oft resolve my ways to mend,
Some folly will that resolution bend.

Tho' to my childhood, I once bade adieu,
I'm still a child in sense, and judgment too ;
Tho' prudence I once ask'd to be my guide,
She's long since fled, and left my feet to slide.

ON SPRING.

Sweet spring has arrived, with warm breezes a
showers,—
Soft dews now enliven the field ;
The meadows are waving with grass and sw
flowers,
Which the banks of the rivulets yield.

On her bright welcome pinions, she brings t
glad news,
That winter's departed and gone ;
That Flora's return'd, and with violets, strews
The wild fields, o'er the temperate zone.

The whistling young rustic, with joy marches for
To the field with his wallet of oats ;

While the birds on the boughs, lend their songs of
sweet mirth,
And in concert, assist his wild notes.

The wild geese have long since wing'd their flight
to the North,
Where the ice is broke up, and all's clear;
And the leafless old elm's youthful buds have shot
forth,
And array'd in rich beauty, appear.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of Amy Dumb, a coloured waiting maid.

Go, muse, e'er Phœbus lights our silent plain,
Go, where between the church-yard and the green,
Slow glides the streamlet, murmuring through the
gloom,
While Cynthia's beams mark plain each narrow
tomb.

There, while in slumbers sunk the drowsy world,
And sport and business lie, to silence lull'd;
While nought is heard, save where the farm-house
dog,

Howls to the moon, through dews and midnight fog.

Then wakeful muse, go choose thy mournful seat,
Near Amy's grave, and sing her early fate;
Tell how, while in her life's most cheerful morn,
Death seized and laid her in the grave forlorn.

While cheerful hope rose in her youthful mind,
The curtain dropt, and sunk each hope behind;
Beware then, youth, nor trust in years to come,
For death is envious of life's nodding plume.

But now the muse, to yonder cottage flies,
Where Amy's mother, poor and friendless lies—
There weeping lies upon that mournful bed,
From whence so late her daughter's spirit fled.

Nor does she mourn for Amy's fate alone,—
Her poor Theophilus, her last dear son,
Struck by the fatal sickle, he too fell,
And lies near Amy, in his narrow cell.

There rests the arm, which once the scythe could wield,—
Whose sounding axe could make the woodlands yield;
There rest the feet, which oft at earliest dawn,
Were making tracks across the dewy lawn.

There rests poor Amy's filial love and care,
Which often led her from her cottage dear;
To rove at dusk, beneath the mountain dark,—
To meet her mother coming from her work.

What 'though in church-yard corner most remote,
Their humble corses till the judgment rest;
What tho' on earth their names are soon forgot,
And earth's proud marble, ne'er pronounced them blest.

Be mine the task to paint poor Amy's worth,—
To tell her merits while she dwelt on earth;
Me it becomes, for whom so oft she toil'd,
Nor from the hardest drudgery recoil'd.

Tho' few her years, and small her active sphere,—
Tho' doom'd the badge of poverty to wear;
She to distress, kind sympathy would give,
And drop a tear, the wretched to relieve.

When e'er on her a favor was bestow'd,
Her heart and lips with gratitude o'erflow'd;
When deep consumption wrung her heart with pain,
Her patience seldom left her to complain.

Such worth was hers, who slumbers now in earth—
Whose sires to wretched Afric owed their birth;

Then, let not pride, or pedigree, depend
For peace in life, or joy when life shall end.

A FAREWELL PIECE.

Written by sister Sarah, just after marriage, when about to leave home, and the surrounding scenery.

Farewell, Bare-plain, and Mullin-hill,
  Where sheep-bells dingle on thy brow;
Old 'Tocket Mount, to thee farewell,
  To whose proud top, skies seem to bow.

Each spreading shade, and ripling brook,
  Where since my childhood, oft I've rov'd;
Each favorite walk, and winding nook,
  Near you my happiest days I've prov'd.

Adieu, dear home, and garden bower,
  Where neighboring nymphs aud swains repair;
In songs and chat, to spend an hour,
  Each summer eve, by moonlight fair.

No more, where once old Hagar* sat,
  In winter's eve, with kindred friends,

---

* Hagar, a female colored servant.

Shall I partake the cheerful chat,
  Or shrink at tales of midnight fiends.

When I each pleasing scene retrace,
  Of past amusement's youthful joys,
They seem like phantoms, quickly past,
  And vain as infant's idle toys.

On pleasures past, I now look back,
  With pleasing, mournful, retrospect;
Those transient joys are gone to wreck,
  And I'll no more on them reflect.

Past days, and years, a long adieu;
  And scenes to come, I little know;
But prospects rising into view,
  Hope always gilds with radiant glow.

Thus, all through life, with one consent,
  Through circling years, and changing scen
On happiness are ever bent,
  And then, like me, leave Hagar's plains.

A message from my dear sister Sarah, to her little son, when she was keeping school at a distance from him.

Saturday, May 13th, 1821.

Dear Charles, thy mother wishes to impart
To you, some fond emotions of her heart;
For Oh! ten long and lonely miles, divide
Thy little footsteps from thy mother's side.

Sometimes thy Ma'ma, her feeble arm extends,
To try to reach thee with her finger's ends;
But while her hand thy little form would find,
It meets with nothing but the whispering wind.

Already, four long lingering weeks have fled,
Since on my arm thou laid'st thy little head;
And many a sun-bright day been sad to me,
Which had been gay, could I thy smiles but see.

Two mournful years and more, have roll'd away,
Since thy loved father left the house of clay;
And chang'd this toilsome incomplete abode,—
I hope for happier mansions, near his God.

Relentless death, in merciless career,
Still doom'd to pluck another friend most dear;
And thy dear Uncle, in youth's flowery bloom,
Has left life's gay spring, for the silent tomb.

Dear Charles, thou'st found this world a chan
scene,
And as thou older grow'st, 'twill prove more
Earth's gay allurements, smiling as they seen
Will prove at length, a fond delusive dream;
Then let my darling, store his infant mind,
With lasting treasures, of a nobler kind.

From your loving Mother,
SARAH G. NORTO

A POEM,

Written at the expiration of the year 1817, *and* *first dawn of* 1818.

Go, fading moon, no more to cheer,
With thy soft rays, the fallen year;
No more to reign, nocturnal queen,
Of eighteon hundred seventeen.

While on Pacific's smooth expanse,
Thy silver rays thus lightly dance;
The infant year begins to rise,
Just beaming thro' the eastern skies.

O glorious tinge of early dawn,
Just peeping o'er the eastern lawn;

May every voice its matin raise,
To chant a new year's song of praise.

What tho' on earth's ungenial bed,
Some friend, once dear, may soon be laid,—
No more to beam the cheerful smile,
The fleeting moments to beguile.

Still let us praise the power divine,
Whose works through fair creation shine;
Who meeteth heaven out with a span,
And sends his grace to fallen man.

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